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EDITORIAL NOTES

THE FAREWELL TO YEATS

ALL who saw W. B. Yeats from time to time in his last year of life agree that his was a splendid ending, the masterly conclusion to a life filled with poetry and poetic living from early manhood to the end. No flagging in his mental power, no poetic repetition, but a constant passing on from one phase of imaginative excitement to another. The poems that have been published in this journal in March, April, and December of last year, and in January of this year and in the present number, are examples of his greatest work in which fancy and imagination are joined, but with a grittiness of wisdom and experience beyond his reach in the most beautiful of his early poems. Even in his youth he had often harped upon the theme of old age, finding in old men and old women a link with the life of our ancestors and with a world approaching. He had long been conscious of old age coming on in himself, but without dismay—none of that wistful regret which Wordsworth had when he could only *remember* his experience

Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower

On the contrary, he was still confident of his undiminished spiritual and perceptive power. Ten years ago, when he had been scoffing at

this caricature,
Decrepit age that has been tied to me
As to a dog's tail,

he goes on:

Never had I more
Excited, passionate, fantastical
Imagination, nor an ear and eye
That more expected the impossible.

And in his last year he was justly writing of his "old man's eagle mind," and testifying—

When a man grows old his joy
Grows more deep day after day.

* * *

When I first met him (before the War) he was already abundantly recognized as the representative poet of Ireland and the leader of the Irish literary movement out of which had grown the Gaelic League and Sinn Féin. The Abbey Theatre under his inspiration had come into being, achieving its twofold object of being distinctively Irish, and of presenting drama of an unquestionably high order. By this time he was something more than the melodious poet of the "Celtic Twilight," or the oracle of the Irish literary revival—already he and his friends had been put to the practical test of the theatre and had passed with honours.

On the evening I am speaking of it was John Masefield who took me along to his rooms in Woburn Buildings, where we found a small company gathered, Lady Gregory, Mr. (now Sir) William Rothenstein, Yeats himself and, I think, two others. I had recently written a probably too youthfully confident article about the Irish movement, but Lady Gregory let me off lightly by at once remarking pleasantly that she had seen I had just been criticizing them all; and taking up some small point I had made, she set a ball of talk rolling. For a little time, in the dimly lighted room, she seated on the right of the fire, Yeats on the left, the two took up the conversation and held it, advancing and retreating like a chorus in strophe and antistrophe, he in rounded, eloquent sentences, she very quietly and incisively; till she withdrew and sat in silence, while he went on to speak at length of the forces of Gods and Fighting-men and to praise the genius of Lady Gregory. On the subject of journalism he made the—for him—astonishing remark that it would be good for every young poet to submit himself for a year or two to the discipline of journalism. At midnight, when we were all about to go, he asked me to stay a little longer, as he had something he would like to read to me; and I well remember the thrill of that early morning hour when, strangely mingling the human and the fay, he chanted his poems and expounded his theory of the speaking of verse.

I met him again several times in the course of the next year or two—once at an odd party given to literary people and politicians at Stafford House, and again at a little restaurant in Soho; and another time I walked half-way across London with him in the small hours of the morning while he talked of the fascination and the danger to the poet of abstract ideas—his mind was increasingly turning at that

moment, he said, to the Elizabethans, meaning that he himself was in no such danger.

* * *

During the last year or two of his life I met him frequently. Once he turned up quite suddenly at my home in London to tell me about a gifted, erratic poet whose work interested him. Often, too, I was with him at Steyning, where he used to stay at the house of the Misses Heald, and composed many of the best of his latest poems. And last autumn, on his way from Oxford to Sussex, he stopped at my cottage in Berkshire to lunch, and read some of his most recent compositions. Indeed the last year was both poetically and intellectually as productive as any in his life. He had to spend much time resting. He got easily excited, and one was told that intellectual excitement exhausted him. But none the less it was his life. His interests were extraordinarily wide. In some ways he was far more practical than he had been in earlier years. He told amusing stories about people with animation and gusto. He followed the major issues in international politics much more closely than once he had done. He read all the younger poets with scrupulous care, and he would often ask to hear more about this or that young poet whose work had appeared in *THE LONDON MERCURY*; and sometimes in attempting to make generous allowances for work which stood at the opposite pole from his own he was inclined to over-praise—just as, about fifteen or twenty years ago, he conspicuously over-praised one or two poets then in vogue whose artifice he would have seen through at once had they been attempting a style and technique less remote from his own.

* * *

Latterly he talked much about eugenics. One would not have expected him to urge a biological remedy for the improvement of the human race; but he was impressed by the power given by the stupid to the mediocre, and the mass-production of mediocrity, and had been listening eagerly to the arguments for biological selection. The Italians and the Germans were concentrating on sheer numbers; let us think only of the *quality* of the race. I think it was for the same reason that he favoured what he was constantly talking of as the "unification" of the State, under an aristocratic order capable of guiding society out of the dangers of herd thought. He was not easy to follow when he got off on one of those topics, nor easily to be diverted. Conversation became most difficult when he was discoursing about his familiar spirits. He so much took for granted the existence of his spirits, and so much assumed that you, as an intelligent

person, accepted his evidence, that it would have been unprofitable to question his premises. Some of his psychical stories were simple and striking, but often they became wrapt in the mystical language he had evolved in the course of his speculations about Blake, Swedenborg, Boehme, Blavatsky and a host of greater and lesser mystics.

He continued to read omnivorously—new books as well as old—and he did not despise a detective story. He was interested in the idea of the King's Medal for Poetry. When the time for making a second award was long past, he asked me why the judges had done nothing about it, and at his suggestion I wrote some comments on the subject in *THE LONDON MERCURY*. The sequel was that an award was soon made—to W. H. Auden. He thought the choice a right one.

Yeats was much given to theoretical speculation, but neither in his youth nor in his old age did he ever confuse the functions of theorist and poet. (Occasionally he came to grief in his middle period.) Instinctively at the beginning he knew that the function of the poet is "to move"—later his judgment confirmed the instinct. "To me," he said one day last summer, "it is a fundamental defect in modern art that it too much provokes to thought; classical art engenders feeling." For that reason he thought Ibsen a sign of decadence, and Shaw, of course, more so. You could theorize about art, but art should never begin in theory—it will begin with the thing seen and felt, the dream, the poetical facts. That he himself from first to last was immensely influenced by William Blake is perfectly consistent with this view of poetry, and I think he would have argued that Blake's own poetry was, in the main, consistent with it. There were "heart mysteries" in the stories of Cuchullain and the Countess Cathleen, but in the plays as he wrote them

Players and painted stage took all my love
And not those things that they were emblems of.

Having put down these few disjointed notes about this great poet—whose life and work had in it so little that was disjointed but developed from phase to phase, according to the laws of its own dramatic unity, and closed with so powerful a denouement—I hand on the tale to two of Yeats's friends who have more right to speak of him than I—H. W. Nevinson and J. M. Hone.

R. A. SCOTT-JAMES

FOUR RECENT POEMS

By W. B. Yeats

THE STATUES

PYTHAGORAS planned it. Why did the people stare?
His numbers, though they moved or seemed to move
In marble or in bronze, lacked character.
But boys and girls pale from the imagined love
Of solitary beds, knew what they were,
That passion could bring character enough;
And pressed at midnight in some public place
Live lips upon a plummet-measured face.

No! Greater than Pythagoras, for the men
That with a mallet or a chisel modelled these
Calculations that look but casual flesh, put down
All Asiatic vague immensities,
And not the banks of oars that swam upon
The many-headed foam at Salamis.
Europe put off that foam when Phidias
Gave women dreams and dreams their looking-glass.

One image crossed the many-headed, sat
Under the tropic shade, grew round and slow,
No Hamlet thin from eating flies, a fat
Dreamer of the Middle Ages. Empty eye-balls knew
That knowledge increases unreality, that
Mirror on mirror mirrored is all the show.
When gong and conch declare the hour to bless
Grimalkin crawls to Buddha's emptiness.

When Pearse summoned Cuchullain to his side,
What stalked through the Post Office? What intellect,
What calculation, number, measurement, replied?
We Irish, born into that ancient sect
But thrown upon this filthy modern tide
And by its formless, spawning, fury wrecked,
Climb to our proper dark, that we may trace
The lineaments of a plummet-measured face.

NEWS FOR THE DELPHIC ORACLE

I

THERE all the golden codgers lay,
 There the silver dew,
 And the great water sighed for love
 And the wind sighed too.
 Man-picker Niamh leant and sighed
 By Oisin on the grass;
 There sighed amid his choir of love
 Tall Pythagoras.
 Plotinus came and looked about,
 The salt flakes on his breast,
 And having stretched and yawned awhile
 Lay sighing like the rest.

II

Straddling each a dolphin's back
 And steadied by a fin
 Those Innocents re-live their death,
 Their wounds open again.
 The ecstatic waters laugh because
 Their cries are sweet and strange,
 Through their ancestral patterns dance,
 And the brute dolphins plunge
 Until in some cliff-sheltered bay
 Where wades the choir of love
 Proffering its sacred laurel crowns,
 They pitch their burdens off.

III

Slim adolescence that a nymph has stripped,
 Peliu on Thetis stares,
 Her limbs are delicate as an eyelid,
 Love has blinded him with tears;
 But Thetis' belly listens.
 Down the mountain walls
 From where Pan's cavern is
 Intolerable music falls.
 Foul goat-head, brutal arm appear,
 Belly, shoulder, bum,
 Flash fishlike; nymphs and satyrs
 Copulate in the foam.

LONG-LEGGED FLY

THAT civilization may not sink
Its great battle lost,
Quiet the dog, tether the pony
To a distant post.
Our master Cæsar is in the tent
Where the maps are spread,
His eyes fixed upon nothing,
A hand under his head.

Like a long-legged fly upon the stream
His mind moves upon silence.

That the topless towers be burnt
And men recall that face,
Move most gently if move you must
In this lonely place.
She thinks, part woman, three parts a child,
That nobody looks; her feet
Practise a tinker shuffle
Picked up on the street.

Like a long-legged fly upon the stream
Her mind moves upon silence.

That girls at puberty may find
The first Adam in their thought,
Shut the door of the Pope's Chapel,
Keep those children out.
There on that scaffolding reclines
Michael Angelo.
With no more sound than the mice make
His hand moves to and fro.

Like a long-legged fly upon the stream
His mind moves upon silence.

A BRONZE HEAD

HERE at right of the entrance this bronze head,
Human, super-human, a bird's round eye,
Everything else withered and mummy-dead.
What great tomb-haunter sweeps the distant sky;
(Something may linger there though all else die);
And finds there nothing to make its terror less
Hysterico-passio of its own emptiness?

No dark tomb-haunter once; her form all full
As though with magnanimity of light
Yet a most gentle woman; who can tell
Which of her forms has shown her substance right,
Or may be substance can be composite,
Profound McTaggart thought so, and in a breath
A mouthful hold the extreme of life and death.

But even at the starting-post, all sleek and new,
I saw the wildness in her and I thought
A vision of terror that it must live through
Had shattered her soul. Propinquity had brought
Imagination to that pitch where it casts out
All that is not itself. I had grown wild
And wandered murmuring everywhere "my child, my child!"

Or else I thought her supernatural;
As though a sterner eye looked through her eye
On this foul world in its decline and fall;
On gangling stocks grown great, great stocks run dry,
Ancestral pearls all pitched into a stye,
Heroic revery mocked by clown and knave,
And wondered what was left for massacre to save.

W. B. YEATS

THE POET OF VISION

By Henry W. Nevinson

THERE must be few left who vividly remember the excitements and enthusiasms which stirred us during the early nineties in all the arts, and especially in literature. It was a time of violent revolution, for the great century that was passing away at last came to be regarded with undeserved contempt, and before us extended new vistas of beauty beyond the ken of the familiar poets of whom we were growing tired. It was then that Yeats appeared, bringing with him the new beauty of the Celtic Twilight. We had forgotten Ireland, or remembered her genius only in Tom Moore's drawing-room songs, and perhaps in Mangan's one great poem, *The Dark Rosaleen*, which only few had heard. But now from Ireland came a master of English prose almost equal to our own great masters, and of a symbolic or visionary verse unsurpassed since Shelley. A subtle humorist, too, utterly different from the comic Irishman to whom we were painfully accustomed upon our stage and in a crowd of laughable novels.

At that time there was something in the real Irish or Celtic nature that was wanting to our souls. It had been hinted to me a few years earlier by the great Celtic scholar, Kuno Meyer, who went about Ireland searching for old Irish manuscripts, long obscured in the peaty smoke of Irish cabins. And I had known the distinguished Fenian, old John O'Leary, when he was an exile in Paris, where I induced him to talk to me almost every night upon Ireland while we drank the innocent *mazagran* in a little café on the Left Bank. "AE." and Douglas Hyde, just then becoming a little known, helped our enthusiasm. But, true poets as both were, it was Yeats who fulfilled our vague and undefinable desire for something outside the limits of even the finest English thought and language in those days.

I read all his poems and essays as they came out, but I did not meet him till 1899, at the house of Frank and Eleanor Podmore, a typical Englishman married to a typical Scottish Celt. Podmore was the sceptical secretary of the Psychical Research Society. In a diary I wrote, next day, a description of Yeats which held fairly well for the next forty years that he was to live, except that his hair turned brindled grey and then almost white:

Tall, thin, rather stooping; long, straight-topped head, quite black hair, one lock always hanging down over the left eyebrow, dressed in blue-black, with a huge blue-black bow for tie; "To match my hair and my boots," as he answered a woman's question why—; face rather narrow, eyes rather close together, the left eye looking a little outwards; dark eyes in a fine white face, clean-shaven, but showing blue-black to match his suit; very much the poet all through his nature; talked well and incessantly, moving his hands a good deal, and sometimes falling into a natural chant; says "D'y see" to every sentence; talked chiefly of himself, his spiritual experiences, trances, visions and apparitions; sometimes, he said, the spirit forbids him to say what was in his mind, and then his tongue becomes like a stone; called himself a Cabbalist, but a sceptic too; is as good and typical a young poet as we hoped from Ireland; has laughter too, especially in gossip about other men. Later at night I met him in the street and talked Irish politics (he paid no attention to any other) up and down the roads till late.

After that, for some years, only interrupted by the wars at which I had to be present, I went fairly regularly to his little room in Woburn Buildings behind St. Pancras Church, to listen in silent pleasure to his utterances upon various poetic themes, and to discussions, always conducted on his part with his invariable politeness, though sometimes an opponent was heavy in aggression and all the boredom of obstinate self-assertion. As instances of the ideas which he sometimes discussed or projected into the air, as his manner was, I may quote from my memories of those evenings his saying that happiness and comfort in this world are easy, but it is the conviction of a Platonic world beyond these limits that makes fine action. He mentioned John Mill's choice of death rather than allow the trees at Avignon, where the wakeful nightingales kept singing, to be cut down.

At that time (1904) Yeats was producing his obscure and alluring drama, *Where There is Nothing*, which I witnessed with him near the end of June, two nights after I had heard Maud Gonne, in all her amazing beauty, speak on Ireland side by side with John O'Leary, who was greeted by the Irish audience as "The Hero," though he was too old and feeble and wandering in mind to make a speech. Once besides, at the Irish Literary Society, some of Yeats's poems were set to music so unintelligible that even he could not understand the words. Whereupon, being called to speak, he at once devised the parable of a king who had a great palace gradually built over his head, until at last one day he crept out and sat on the grass, where his voice could be heard, while the palace remained standing just as beautiful as before. "All music," he went on, "is miraculous to me—the best and the worst alike," and so he gracefully escaped.

At another discourse during the short life of his Society, called

The Three Kings (1903), he spoke of poetry as "a kind of ecstasy—the perfect utterance of the poet's inner life and true self. It must be *spoken*," he said, "and all inversions and difficulties must be avoided. Rhythm is used to produce a slight trance, and variations in rhythm to keep us awake during the trance." What pleased me most was his insistence on "life" in a poet. Byron, he said, though he wrote badly, except in satire, was the last *man* who made poetry, and he quoted my own favourite saying of the old Greek who said: "I am a servant of war, and I worship the Muses." Whenever I met Yeats, in his room, or on trains, or even when speaking in a New York Club, I could say of him: "You have only to shake him and all manner of beautiful things will tumble out."

Strange, as well as beautiful, things did certainly tumble out, as I noted in my diary of October 1916, when I was again with a small gathering in that upper chamber of Woburn Buildings. It was in the middle of the Great War, after I was in the Dardanelles and Egyptian campaigns, and I had been vainly endeavouring to save that noble patriot, my friend Roger Casement, from the gallows of Pentonville:

Sturge Moore and Ezra Pound (unusually silent) were there, and Chapelow, the Conscientious Objector poet, now at large after much persecution; and a few others unknown to me. Yeats talked of his entrance into Spiritism after the Magic of former days. His attendant spirit is Leo Africanus, a man of the sixteenth century, who converses with him in Italian. Also the spirit of a policeman, Emerson, who drowned himself from Putney Bridge in 1850, as Yeats discovered in the Somerset House records. Also the spirit of Luise Kirsch, a friend of Goethe, from whom Goethe had messages. All this he appears to believe absolutely, and such belief must be highly consoling in these days (when our best men were being killed by thousands in the War).

Then he talked of Freud and Jung and the Subconscious Self, applying the doctrine to art. He said the great thing in art is to reduce the Conscious Self to humility, as by the imitation of some ancient master, so leaving the Unconscious Self free to work. He said all reading of contemporaries and imitation of them was bad. The Self in poetry must be a dramatist, the poet being a spectator of life, and so must have a universal outlook and appeal. There was some discussion also on *vers libre*, with sidelong shots at a poet of that following. He then highly praised Pater's *Marius* which he had just re-read with intense admiration for its sentences and style. He traces English prose backwards through Pater, Landor, and Sir Thomas Browne, and admitted some of Swift.

On parting, he gave me his book called *Reveries*, and about the same time he gave me *Responsibilities*, being moved, I suppose, to this rather unusual lavishness by my efforts to save my friends among the rebels of 1916, such as James Connolly and Pearse. It was quite true, as I said above, that Yeats cared for no politics except the Irish. Violent rebellion against the dominating Power was contrary to his

whole nature, but how keen was his sympathy with all the rebels, "—all the delirium of the brave—" is seen throughout his poems from the "Red Rose, Proud Rose, sad Rose of all my days!" right down to the patriots of 1916. Ireland repeatedly is symbolized under the figure of the rose, and the earlier rebels under the popular figure of the grey geese. So in his ode on the death of old O'Leary, he wrote in discontent over the apparently complacent prosperity in Ireland:

Was it for this the wild geese spread
The grey wing upon every tide;
For this that all that blood was shed,
For this Edward Fitzgerald died,
And Robert Emmet and Wolfe Tone,
All that delirium of the brave;
Romantic Ireland's dead and gone,
It's with O'Leary in the grave.

Or in the later and more definite lament over the fate of rebel patriots in 1916:

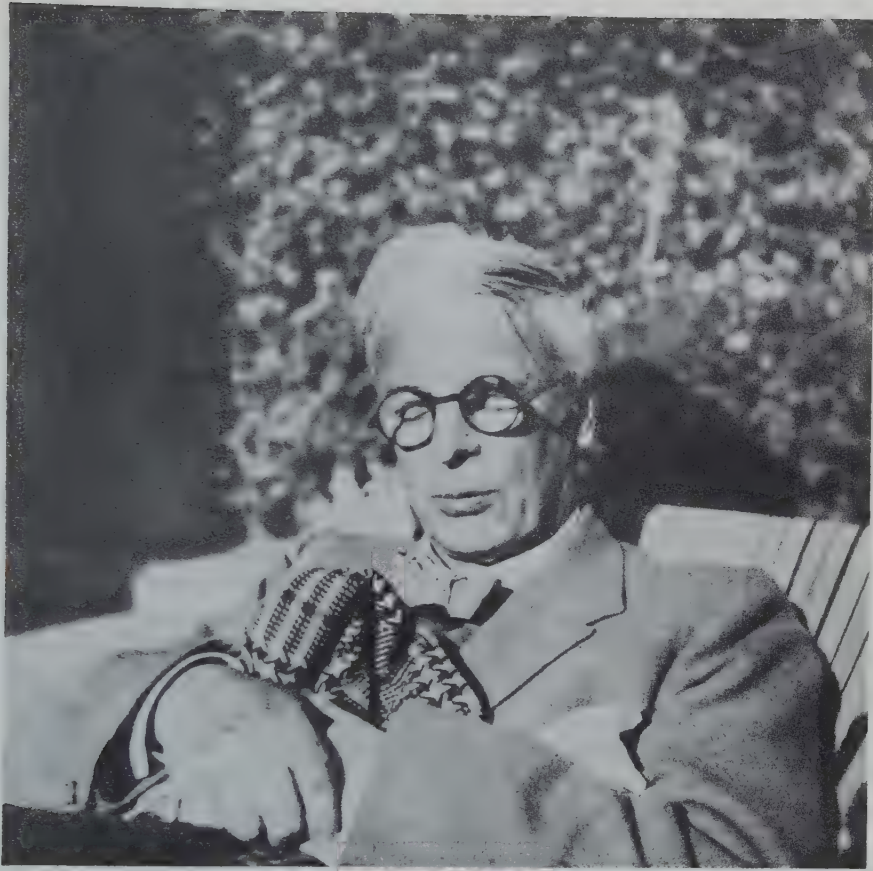
I write it out in a verse—
MacDonagh and MacBride
And Connolly and Pearse,
Now and in time to be,
Wherever green is worn,
Are changed, changed utterly;
A terrible beauty is born.

Or, to take one more instance: in his own verses included in his *Oxford Book of Modern Verse*, he imagines a conversation between James Connolly and Pearse, complaining that maybe the breath of politic words had withered their Rose Tree. Both were men above words, and the last verse ends:

"But where can we draw water,"
Said Pearse to Connolly,
"When all the wells are parched away?
O plain as plain can be
There's nothing but our own red blood
Can make a right Rose Tree."

From the very first he had known the sadness of sympathy with Irish rebels. One finds it in his first book of poems, where he speaks to the exiles wandering over many lands, and the poem ends with the verse telling of the gay bells, the sad bells they may hear in their new homes:

A honeyed ringing: under the new skies
They bring you memories of old village faces;
Cabins gone now, old well-sides, old dear places;
And men who loved the cause that never dies.



W. B. YEATS, MENTON, 1938

Photograph by kind permission of Miss Nora S. Heald

The Great War and the Irish Rebellion of 1916 undoubtedly brought some change to his mind. To gain definition and stronger form he had already turned to drama and had written short plays, chiefly symbolic of Ireland and her ancient history; but, in spite of all that he did for the Abbey Theatre in Dublin and the work of dramatists such as Synge, Yeats was not a dramatist by nature, and *Cathleen ni Houlihan*, itself a symbolic play of Irish patriotism, seems to me the only one that stands representation. Like so much of Yeats' work, it is written in the fine Irish dialect adopted by Lady Gregory in her translations of the Irish Ballads, as when she wrote the beautiful verses from *The Grief of a Girl's Heart*:

It is late last night the dog was speaking of you; the snipe was speaking of you in her deep marsh. It is you are the lonely bird through the woods; and that you may be without a mate till you find me. . . .

You have taken the east from me; you have taken the west from me; you have taken what is before me and what is behind me; you have taken the moon, you have taken the sun from me; and my fear is great that you have taken God from me.

No one could wish for a finer form of language than this common Irish manner of speaking English. And it was significant that the last time I was with Yeats—he was “guest of honour” at a P.E.N. Club dinner in London—he spoke mainly in protest against the practice of using a language that was not native to the writer.

“No writer,” he said, “should attempt to work in any language but the one he learnt at his mother’s knee.”

Through the dramatic form Yeats endeavoured to give clearer outline and sharper personality to the shadowy visions that were always sweeping through his mind. The Great War and the Irish Rebellion that accompanied it had a similar effect upon him. Perhaps he imagined that by action he could succeed Byron as a *man* who wrote poetry, however greatly different from Byron’s. He was always very infectious as well as inspiring, and Irish poets and dramatists joined in a revolt against him, led by himself. It began a few years before the War, and was summed up in two verses by Synge after looking at a fairylike picture by “AE.” called “The Passing of the Shee” (in Irish, *Sidhe*):

Adieu, sweet Angus, Maeve, and Fand,
Ye plumed yet skinny Shee,
That poets played with hand in hand
To learn their ecstasy.

We’ll stretch in Red Dan Sully’s ditch,
And drink in Tubber fair,
Or poach with Red Dan Philly’s bitch
The badger and the hare.

That is a fairly concrete and definite conclusion. But before Yeats left us without any living lyric poet to compare with him, he had to face another revolution of greater strength and larger numbers. A "modern" school had arisen which cared nothing for those qualities in poetry upon which he set the highest store. A poem, he had often said, must be intelligible on recitation and must have that power of inducing "a kind of trance by beauty of sound," such as, under his direction, was gained by the perfect voice of Florence Farr reciting his poems to her psalter. Those were tests which "modern" poetry would hardly stand. With his wide tolerance and generous appreciation of everything sincere, in his long Introduction to his *Oxford Book of Modern Verse*, he mentions and criticises the most conspicuous of the "modern" poets in turn. Of the remarkable poet who might have claimed to be the originator of the school, he writes:

I read Gerard Hopkins with great difficulty. I cannot keep my attention fixed for more than a few minutes; I suspect a bias born when I began to think. He is typical of his generation where most opposed to mine. His meaning is like some faint sound that strains the ear, comes out of words, passes to and fro between them, goes back into words, his manner a last development of poetic diction.

Or again, speaking of other modern poets, he writes:

It is as though their words and rhythms remained gummed to one another instead of separating and falling into order. I can seldom find more than half a dozen lyrics that I like, yet in this moment of sympathy I prefer them to Eliot, to myself—I too have tried to be modern. They have pulled off the mask, the manner writers hitherto assumed, Shelley in relation to his dream, Byron, Henley, to their adventure, their action. Here stands not this or that man, but man's naked mind.

And, to sum up his own final position, so soon before death "swept" him suddenly, like one who has fallen asleep upon a rath, he wrote in the same Introduction:

I have said nothing of my own work, not from modesty, but because writing through fifty years I have been now in the same school with John Synge and James Stephens, now in that of Sturge Moore and the younger "Michael Field"; and though the concentration of philosophy and social passion of the school of Day Lewis and in MacNeice lay beyond my desire, I would, but for a failure of talent, have been in that of Turner and Dorothy Wellesley.

So he died, tolerant to the last, and open-minded to all sincerity. I am reminded of the last of three verses he wrote just about four years ago upon "Old Age":

I pray—for fashion's word is out
And prayer comes round again—
That I may seem though I die old
A foolish, passionate man.

Foolish he never was, unless it is always folly to oppose everything that is materialist and commonplace, but passionate he remained to the end. In a letter to *The Times* of February the 9th, "D.W." wrote that Yeats was as much concerned with the future and all its problems as with the folk-lore of Ireland or the mysteries of the East. Little more than a fortnight ago, we are told, he was following with sympathetic interest and shrewd practical advice the plans of a group of English friends for giving concrete expression to ideas of a constructive democracy in Great Britain:

After reading aloud with undiminished fire a new heroic play completed within three weeks of his death, he exclaimed, throwing up his hands with a characteristic gesture: "I have not been so excited about things for years. I want to find out the truth about the new ideas. That is why I want to live!"

His was a many-sided personality. For all his apparent seclusion and aloofness in thought beyond the plane of ordinary men, he retained that passionate interest in new forms of art and social changes. But I confess that when I re-read the poems which we welcomed as a fresh revelation when we were young together in the 'nineties, I feel like Wordsworth when, in spring, he heard again the cuckoo, whether to be called bird or a wandering voice:

And I can listen to thee yet;
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again.

It was a golden or silvery time when first we entered the "Celtic Twilight" and followed the "Wanderings of Oisín," and beheld the "Rose upon the Rood of Time," and knew how Cuchullain died, and perceived from far away the "Isle in the Water" and went "Down by the Salley Gardens" and listened to the "Wind among the Reeds," and asked "Who will go drive with Fergus now?" and set out for the "Townland that is the World's Bane," and gazed upon the Poor Old Woman who "went down the path a young girl and had the walk of a queen," or when we stand by the lake where two souls are "Love and a Continual Farewell." It was a new and lovely time—the time of the youthful Yeats—and nearly fifty years ago many of us were living in it.

YEATS AS POLITICAL PHILOSOPHER

By J. M. Hone

THE artist was always implicit in Yeats, whatever the subject of his utterance: Ireland, the philosophy of politics, religion, morals, even economics. He had been brought up by his father, a distinguished and interesting painter, to think of the arts as superior to all other forms of human activity, and early reading of Blake, and the associations which as a young man in London, he formed with the poets of the 'nineties and with William Morris did not tend to shake him in that belief. I have never quite understood, nor did he ever fully explain, what brought him into the Irish movement, dominated in his youth as now, by men who were more interested in elections than in literature, and who supposed that their ideas could be verified at the polls.

The elder Yeats's conversation, as I remember, was sprinkled with derogatory remarks about the English, usually very witty. In nineteenth century Ireland, a sort of platonic hatred of England appeared frequently among the purest Anglo-Irish (as it does in America among the descendants of the *Mayflower*) who yet might never touch popular politics or mix with their Catholic countrymen. Neither this inheritance, nor a natural love of Ireland, common enough among Irish Protestants, is sufficient to account for the active nationalism of Yeats.

An impressive old man, an ex-Fenian and booklover, John O'Leary, introduced him to Irish patriotic poetry, Davis, Mangan, Ferguson, and instilled into him the belief that Irish writers must seek Irish theme and Irish feeling; and if, as is said, he became a member of the Irish Republican Brotherhood, we may suspect that it was because he wished to please Miss Maud Gonne, "that new wonder," as he described her in a youthful contribution to the *Boston Pilot*, "a beautiful woman who makes speeches." Mr. Horace Reynolds, who recently edited Yeats's work in the *Pilot*, says that nationalism for Yeats was precious, not so much because it served Ireland as because it served art. It may be so, and the "importance of a subject" was a part of his first literary creed. But he must always have felt a deep impulse towards organization and leadership. In spite of his æstheticism, he was never indifferent to external events and contemporary history; he became quite early a great orator, and in the last forty years there was never a period in which his countrymen did not regard him as a public figure.

At the start his Nationalist politics were of the orthodox sort, and he was ready to denounce Cromwell, the Danes, "West Britons," Anglo-Irish and landlords with the rest. This did not last long. When I first knew him he was immersed in the management of the Abbey Theatre, and at quarrel with all the little semi-literary and semi-political clubs and societies out of which the Sinn Fein movement grew. The issue, which came to a head when Synge's *Playboy of the Western World* was produced, went deep, for, although Yeats still held that there could be "no fine literature without nationality," he could not admit—nor indeed had he ever admitted—that the criterion by which Irish work should be judged was its effectiveness as melodramatization of the sorrows of Ireland or its power to shoulder an idealistic conception of Irish character and provide useful political thoughts. The "ignominy of public manners," shown in Synge's treatment, and still more in that of Hugh Lane, together perhaps with an impression made by Nietzsche, resulted in Yeats becoming very hostile to democracy in the political and every other sense. He wrote lines meant to be offensive to the lower middle class of Sinn Fein, and called upon those who should have been the inheritors of the aristocratic Whig tradition of Grattan to take the lead in their country's æsthetic progress, and "leave Paudeens to their pitch and toss," or their "greasy till." But the minor poets' rising of 1916 moved him deeply, and he commemorated the sacrifice of Pearse, MacDonagh and Plunket in poetry of passionate intensity. His verses on this occasion were no doubt remembered in his favour; when the Free State was established he was offered a place among the thirty senators to be nominated for their special qualifications, or because they represented groups or parties not adequately represented in the lower house.

Unlike his fellow mystic, AE, who told Mr. Cosgrave's messenger that he "must consult the Gods" before giving a reply, Yeats accepted the senatorship with alacrity. His speeches, it is almost unnecessary to say, were the most distinguished and eloquent utterances of that body; the most notable and the most carefully prepared was his attack on theocratic principles in connection with the law abolishing divorce in the Free State. There was no slightest chance of the defeat of the measure, and, therefore, much as he resented the attempt to force the Catholic view of marriage upon the Protestant minority, he had no reason to be politic, and in one passage of his speech he gave free rein to the spirit of mischief. A month before we had met in Rome, and he seemed so preoccupied with the speech he was about to make that I was not surprised when, on our going with him to call on the charming and very intelligent daughter of Prince Scipio Borghese, he

opened the conversation by saying: "May I ask you to give your views on divorce?" I had told him that there was no divorce in Italy. She replied to the effect that easy divorce in America seemed to be founded on a Puritan sentimentality which was unlikely to commend itself to her compatriots as a means of mitigating marriage. The look of gratification on Yeats's face showed that he had got the answer he wanted, which, with evidence from Balzac, and also from G. K. Chesterton, would show that the Catholic view of marriage was based on the family and on the family only. He would be able on the authority of "an Italian of an illustrious Catholic house from which have come cardinals and, I believe, one Pope," to tell his Catholic fellow senators that American public opinion in regard to illicit relations between the sexes was considered extremely harsh in Italy and was explained by the ease of divorce, which made such relations seem inexcusable.

It was the same speech in which he said vehemently: "I am proud to consider myself a typical man of that minority. We are the people of Burke; we are the people of Grattan; we are the people of Swift, the people of Parnell. We have created the most of the modern literature of this country. We have created the best of its political intelligence."

While in the senate Yeats acted chiefly with what was known as the Southern Unionist Group, chosen by Mr. Cosgrave from the peerage and from important business and professional interests. "Berkeley," he wrote to me, "is of the utmost importance to the Ireland that is coming into existence. I want Protestant Ireland to base some part of its culture upon Swift, Burke and Berkeley." He wished to insinuate into the ex-Ascendancy Senators a nationalism conceived imaginatively as their heritage from the magnanimity of Swift, Burke and Grattan, "who gave though free to refuse." The senators of the group often sought his advice on practical matters, and one of them said: "Yeats would have made an admirable banker," and another, "A great lawyer was lost in the poet." Among the new men of the time, Kevin O'Higgins commanded his admiration—

A great man in his pride
Confronting murderous men.

because O'Higgins seemed to come nearest of all the moderns to the realistic and authoritarian tradition of Irish leadership, cherished by old Parnellites like himself. O'Higgins was the freest mind in Mr. Cosgrave's cabinet, and through his good offices Yeats secured some valuable modifications in the Literary Censorship Bill.

It is difficult to give a name to a poet's politics. If the Whig is for

the exceptional man and the Tory for the common or natural man (so long as he is kept in his place), Yeats was a Whig. But up to the end he continued to employ the resources of his imagination to transfigure Irish nationality, and whether he read Swift, Burke or Hegel—his favourite political philosophers—he sought in them for some idea of national life, or of the State, which he could identify with his romantic belief in Ireland. I remember his delight in finding in the Anglo-Irish writers of the eighteenth century “a common hatred of abstraction,” which he characterized (in spite of De Valera’s successes) as peculiarly Irish; and in his play, *The Words upon the Window Pane*, he made Swift foresee the triumph of the abstract reason in the French Revolution and the rise of “mathematical democracy.” He had found in the fourth *Drapier Letter* the creation of the political nationality of Ireland, and in the *Discourse of the Contests and Dissensions of Athens and Rome*, where Swift defines the balance between the One, the Few and the Many, a theory of the State as the incarnation of reason and liberty, not unlike Hegel’s and Vico’s, because by the *vox populi* or “universal bent and current,” Swift is not thinking of majorities, or of what the modern man means by liberty, but of the unity of being of a people, its right to express itself as it would through such men as had won or inherited general consent. Yeats even read Marx as preaching a return to a primeval State, so that a new civilization might arise with its One, its Few and its Many.

The later Yeats was called a reactionary; but he would have replied that only in Anglo-Saxon nations, impelled by moral enthusiasm, does progress seem a perpetual straight line. To him, as for de Maistre, contempt for Locke and for the pragmatic and atomistic tendency of English thought is the beginning of knowledge. The speculations of his old age in the domains of politics and of the philosophy of history had the same source in a passion for spiritual unity as his early revolt against “an international art, picking its symbols and stories where it chose” and as the mystical beliefs which inspired his “fairy” poetry. Whether in all this he expressed the instincts of the Irish mind is indeed another question. Our scholars and our inductive reasoners unite with our Philistines in saying that he did not.

The certain thing is that Yeats, unlike most of his contemporaries, never became disillusioned or cynical, much as he raged at some of the recent aberrations of Irish nationalism, such as the destruction of our Georgian monuments and the pedantry of Catholic Gaelicism. When the Nobel prize came to him, he wrote to me that he chiefly took pride in the award because of the recognition thus given to the Irish literary movement: “I am content,” he said. Yeats looked for

successors. In gallant verses written last summer for his own burial, he exhorted his young countrymen as follows :

Irish poets, learn your trade,
Sing whatever is well made,
Scorn the sort now growing up
All out of shape from toe to top,
Their unremembering hearts and heads
Base-born products of base beds.
Sing the peasantry, and then
Hard-riding country gentlemen,
The holiness of monks, and after
Porter-drinkers' randy laughter;
Sing the lords and ladies gay
That were beaten into the clay
Through seven heroic centuries;
Cast your mind on other days
That we in coming days may be
Still the indomitable Irishry.

His brother has written to me: "I thought that he had left him two or three years still to enjoy the power of his brain. About two years ago, it was in the club, he was talking about someone, I forget who, and he said, 'what will history say about him?' And then, it came to my lips without a conscious thought, I said 'men of genius are not in history' and I immediately knew I meant himself."



FISHERMEN

Wood engraving by RUTH HEDGER

OPHELIA TWINING HER GARLANDS

By Adam de Hegedus

WHEN Imre Navratil was first taken to see Mrs. Flower it was a warm Sunday afternoon early in July, and the freshly painted doors along Moreton Gardens were all protected by striped curtains which the slight breeze left curiously still. He remembered that afternoon quite vividly because it was during the first weeks he spent in England, when he was very young and had only two friends, Captain Ingram and Sybil, his wife. Some time back Ingram had been military attaché to the British Legation in Budapest, and when the young boy first came over to London he was asked to introduce him to his friends. Although not interested himself, Ingram was pleased with the boy's great enthusiasm for English art and letters, and his wife was amused by his curiosity for English life. They were a childless and middle-aged couple who spent most of their time out of England. They took the young man along to Mrs. Flower—a second cousin—and Navratil was pleased as Punch.

What a thrill the house in Moreton Gardens had given him. Even years after, when the picture of the first English house he ever visited came back to his mind, it was still exciting.

He was twenty, which is an age when one waits for little but the unexpected. He was taking stock of English life, guided only by a literary map, plotted from the books of Dickens, Galsworthy, Wilde, and H. G. Wells. With the excitement and passion of an explorer just setting foot on a strange land of which he only knew the very roughest outlines, he surveyed Moreton House and its inhabitants. His eyes ranged from the quilted silk cover on the sofa to the mass of tulips on the window-sill. He admired the William Morris wall paper, the Dresden china figures on the carved, white mantelpiece, and the be-moustached, severe-looking Englishmen in their silver frames on the piano. He sniffed in the smell of potpourri which came from a large bowl, he examined the ships and flower-gardens on the water-colours. But most of his attention he gave to the picture opposite the fireplace.

It was a large painting in a wide, gold frame, with black Gothic letters at its foot (a quotation from *Hamlet*). The title on a small brass plate read: "*Ophelia Twining Her Garlands*," by Holman Hunt, R.A.

He looked at it long. How lovely it was. The girl, as she sat on the large tree-trunk, with her beautiful, mad face, making a posy of flowers. Her little white feet almost touched the water underneath. He marvelled at its beauty until the tears welled up in his eyes. Tragic and lovely, remote and yet so real with its careful detail; every leaf of the water-lilies, every blade of grass, every crease of her little white dress were there. He remembered "The Death of Chatterton" in the Tate Gallery. It was English art, inexplicable, lovely and mysterious. Who could have been the model for this Ophelia? An English girl obviously. Beautiful and mad. Perhaps one of those mid-Victorian girls who led such tragic lives, artistic, anaemic and misunderstood. An English Ophelia! . . . He felt that life must have written another story underneath the picture, and that story was perhaps even more lovely and mysterious than the vision of the artist, if that were possible. . . .

Then he turned to watch the living. The old ladies wore large hats and white kid-gloves, and talked as if they were sisters, in the same high-pitched tone, the same accents, the same key. And the old gentlemen (two buttons open in the bottom of their coats, wearing dark-blue spats and very high, starched collars) all looked like brothers of Major Flower.

How different he appeared from old Hungarian officers even out of uniform. His eyes were faded blue, and dreamy, and he spoke in a voice which the ordinary grown-up person sometimes reserves for a particularly sweet child of four. He often smiled, revealing a set of small, white, and perfectly even teeth. He sat beside Imre and inquired after the birds of Hungary. He went on to talk of a blackbird that had nested in his garden.

Then they sat down to tea in the dining-room around a polished table, all "sitting up" and observing the rules of a delightful English ritual. He liked the heavily gilt Crown Derby cups and the silver teapot with the little rose on its lid. The Major offered him some muffins, the first he tasted in his life. He was told that the muffin-man in Kensington was the only person privileged to sound a bell on Sundays.

He felt that Moreton Gardens was charted on his literary map, and the dear old Major looked like "Old Jolyon" in *The Forsyte Saga*.

And when he walked home through the silent Boltons, he thought that the Major would also fall asleep under the tree in his garden one hot night in July. ("Summer, summer, summer . . . the soundless footsteps on the grass. . . .")

Major Flower died differently. Six years later he was run over by a taxi when he crossed Victoria Street on his way from the Army & Navy Stores after ordering some bulbs for his garden. Michael—for by this time Navratil used his second Christian name, which he considered smarter—saw the notice in *The Times* and reflected that he would write a letter of sympathy to Mrs. Flower. He did not go to the funeral. The morning when the service was held at the church in Courtfield Gardens, there was a lunch party at Lady Ermitage's house in Green Street. There was a buzz of conversation around the white, wrought-iron table, whose cut-mirror top reflected pretty, painted lips which matched their owner's finger-nails. Navratil—while both of his neighbours were busy talking—looked at the Picasso over the mantelpiece.

He was twenty-six, honorary attaché to the Hungarian Legation, and in his spare time a literary critic to serious reviews. He lived in a converted mews off Knightsbridge. His walls were shiny green and were decorated by seventeenth-century maps. A yellow T'ang horse stood on his mantelpiece in the foreground of half a dozen invitation cards.

While he sat composing his letter to Mrs. Flower he remembered what a different death he predicted for the Major. And he remembered his first visit. How sentimental and naïve he was and how the "mystery" of the house had excited his curiosity. How pleased he had been when she kept on inviting him to tea. He met the same people, all over fifty, all well mannered and upright and military. They seemed to belong to another world, to be a little unreal, like turning over the pages of a book long out of print. Yes, his visits to Moreton Gardens had been an adventure on the pattern of Edwardian literature. Yet—and this was the most gratifying thought—he felt each time he left them as if they were distant and elderly relations whom he might have known all his life.

After he had returned to Budapest, during the strain of work for his final examination, he felt a distinct nostalgia for London and a *Heimweh* for Moreton Gardens. And one afternoon, when he felt that Hungarian Criminal Procedure was curiously loathsome and arbitrary, he wrote a letter to Mrs. Flower, a letter with emotional references to summer afternoons in the Boltons and Ophelia, a letter which in later years filled him with embarrassment whenever he thought of it.

When the examination was over and he had come back to London and called on the Flowers on a Sunday, the emotion, he found, was gone. Gone mysteriously and inexplicably, as if by some evil magic. He was no longer thrilled by Ophelia, he found Mrs. Flower a trifle

patronizing and her guests a bore. He accepted her invitations with less and less enthusiasm. He told himself that his time was limited and that his work compelled him to see too many other people. The Flowers were kind, but he had nothing in common with them or any of their friends. They were—he also discovered—rather reserved. He no longer felt as if he had known them all his life. On the contrary he felt he would never know them. Their mind was still “unknown” to him, but no longer “mysterious.”

While other (and perhaps more important and more interesting) people called him by his christian name, to the Flowers he was still “*Monsieur*” Navratil. Never “Mr.” for one single second. And when they introduced him to a friend they always added, as if by way of explanation, apology, caution, or warning: “He is a Hungarian.” And those old ladies with West Indian hats (now he saw that their stockings were of mercerized cotton and often mended at the heels) had never asked him to their houses. Not that he minded by now. They were so depressing, especially in winter.

And one evening, as he walked home through the Boltons (it rained), he reflected that he would not go any more. Never again. When, a fortnight later, a post-card came inviting him to tea, he replied that he was engaged. He answered in the same way the next invitation, and the next, until it occurred to him that he was snubbing Mrs. Flower unkindly. So when the third card came he telephoned that he was ill.

A day later, to his great surprise, his maid came up to say that Mrs. Flower had called to see him. After a moment’s nervous agitation he quickly undid the bed, took off his clothes and jumped into it. He then told the maid to show her up. Mrs. Flower came in a little breathless from climbing three flights of stairs (Navratil then lived in a South Kensington “bed-sitter”). She looked round shyly, making clear that her visit was really an excuse to look at his place, and introduced a niece (brought obviously as a chaperone), a woman of forty, dressed in tweeds, who had a slight stammer. She did not presume to inquire after his health, but told him that he looked surprisingly well (it was, in point of fact, true) and hoped that he would be able to visit them again. After ten minutes they were gone.

He felt at once ashamed and amused. He looked at the bottle of tonic wine she brought and smiled. How English, how sweetly, how awkwardly, how coily English she was. Now he must go again. After all, he must admit, she was more human than he anticipated. He went, but he was soon sorry for it. Moreton Gardens had lost its charm. He felt himself to be in a land strange but unexciting, a land he did not wish to visit.

What happened after that? he reflected as he went through the draft of the letter. Oh, yes, he went to Berlin for three months and returned a man more changed than ever. He did not leave cards at Moreton Gardens and tried to hide himself from its inhabitants. He did not wish to be rude to a woman, who thought him a member of a "Gallant Race." Unluckily he soon stumbled into her (well, of course—he thought acidly—one *would* meet her at Private View Day at the Academy). He was begged earnestly to visit her the following Sunday. ("I should so like to hear about your experiences in Germany. . . . My niece is coming. . . . You know Ada Ogilvy, don't you?") He was forced to lie, and from that time he felt that he was haunted. (The living—he put into his note-book—have enormous and undue advantages over the dead when they make up their minds to haunt somebody.) The post-cards came at regular intervals. It was awful. At first Mrs. Flower used to patronize him ("the young Hungarian who wants looking after"), now she tried to lionize him ("the young writer whom we knew when he first came over"). And he resented being lionized, uneasily conscious that his reviews and stories were only read by the few, who never included the inhabitants of Moreton Gardens. Once he made up his mind to be deliberately rude and then found he could not do it. He wrote instead that he was busy with a new book, an essay, a story, a review, his job at the legation. For nine months he exhausted his imagination for plausible excuses. It was too much even for a writer.

But now, as he put his note of sympathy into an envelope, he realized that he would have to go again—for the last time, and never again.

* * *

He found that widowhood had produced the same effect on Mrs. Flower as on Queen Victoria. It was involuntary and tremendous. Five old women surrounded her like a funeral cortège. (Like hired mourners who take their turns in weeping—he thought.)

The house had lost even that little magic it possessed. "Ophelia," as his glance strayed on to it, could only annoy him. "How could I ever like that pre-War poster for skin tonics, that depressing study in Victorian lunacy?" he asked himself as he took stock of it again.

Mrs. Flower followed his gaze: "Do you remember how you used to like that picture?"

"Yes," said the "Gallant Hungarian" in Navratil, "I still do. I should love to own it."

"I am glad to hear you say so. Young people generally find Holman Hunt old-fashioned. Perhaps he is. One must be understanding towards young people."

"True art can never become old-fashioned," he answered carefully and non-committally.

"He is so artistic, isn't he?" said Mrs. Flower to a hat twenty inches in diameter.

"Never again," he muttered as he left. "Never again."

* * *

Navratil had published his first novel. It made its appearance in comparative secrecy, but his literary friends thought it promising. *Women Without Men*—that was its title—was praised in the proper quarters. The author went to Spain to write a study on Goya, and when he returned he did not even answer Mrs. Flower's invitations.

Later he met one of the mourners from Moreton Gardens.

"We were talking of you with Mrs. Flower the other day," she said. "She thinks very highly of your success."

"Has she read *Women Without Men*?" asked Navratil, still hopeful of miracles.

"I don't think so. You see she does not read much nowadays. . . . It must be very thrilling to be an author, though. . . . Once, when I was a girl, I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Meredith. Such an artistic man, and a real gentleman. . . ."

"An unusual coincidence," said Navratil with almost unbearable resignation.

"Of course," she continued, "Amy is very sorry you are so terribly busy that you never find time to visit her."

"Never again . . . never again . . ." thought Navratil.

* * *

From *The Times*, Wednesday, July 17, 1937.

"*Wills and Bequests*.—Mrs. Amy Flower, Moreton House, Moreton Gardens, South Kensington, widow of Major J. T. de R. Flower, late Indian Army, left £8,543 (net personalty £6,907), included in her bequest £50 for the maintenance of her Chow.

£500 for her niece, Miss Ada Ogilvy.

"One of her pictures, *Ophelia Twining Her Garlands*, by Holman Hunt, R.A., to Monsieur Imre Navratil, 'a devoted friend of British art.' "

TOWN REFUGEES TO COUNTRY

By R. C. K. Ensor

THE Government has now committed itself, though as yet only on a hesitant scale (accommodation for 17,500 children out of a total officially estimated at three millions), to the provision of camps in the country for war-time refugees from the great towns. Meanwhile, at the behest of local authorities obeying the orders of the Ministry of Health, a host of voluntary workers, chiefly women, is scouring the villages and the towns of under 100,000 inhabitants, compiling lists of accommodation available for compulsory billeting. The billeting policy, as shaped so far, inspires widespread dislike. And, partly for that reason, the demand for permanent country camping accommodation, as an alternative, seems likely to be pushed increasingly.

I propose here to consider this problem of war-time efflux into the countryside from a standpoint which has hitherto been largely ignored in regard to it—that, namely, of the preservation of rural England. It goes without saying that if a war came on us, which brought bombing devastation to our cities, our countryside could not hope to get off scatheless in different ways. Nevertheless there are degrees in injury; and by taking thought in advance much can be saved that otherwise might be ruined past retrieving. Nor is it entirely a problem of war time. The extension of holidays with pay to manual workers is bound to have consequences that will need careful watching from this angle; whether or not the Government links up its policy there (as surely a more imaginative Government would) with its provision for war-time evacuations.

I

Let us face the fact that mass-visiting of the country by town-bred populations is, in itself, not good for the country. Some people will tell us, of course, that it brings money into the villages and “livenes them up”; but the money mostly develops different forms of parasitism, and the livening is apt to mean vulgarizing—a process like that whereby the jingling rubbish of the music-halls drove out the folk-songs. The mental atmosphere of the countryside ought not to be as stagnant as in the old days it too often was; but it does need to be stable and peaceful and to allow of that traditionally more thoughtful attitude towards problems of life and conduct, which gives depth to the countryman’s endurances, where the townsman distracts himself with noise and racket. These are perhaps “impon-

derables," yet not the less real on that account. More easily measured are the litter and ugliness, the mass-pillage of flowers and on occasion of birds' nests, the trampling vandalism, senseless mischief, and often permanent destruction, which tend to accompany the course of untutored townspeople, while they visit a countryside, of most of whose values they are, and remain, ignorant.

Perhaps the most successful and least harmful introduction of town (and even slum) denizens to the countryside has been that so long carried out through the Children's Country Holiday Fund. The success of this admirable enterprise has been due to careful planning, adequate inspection, and the limited scope of what is attempted. The children, who are of school age, are boarded out for a fortnight each in humble country homes, whose accommodation has been inspected beforehand and is paid for at standard rates. As their reception is entirely voluntary, their hosts are glad to have them and usually treat them well; while a system of local visiting minimizes the risk of their being neglected or exploited. Their time is too short and their distribution too scattered for them to organize much mischief. Sometimes they form garden-robbing gangs, but the nuisance can never last many days. Injury to wild nature is limited by the time of year. In August there are no birds' nests about, and the most plunderable wild flowers—daffodils, violets, primroses, kingcups, cowslips, bluebells, and orchids—have all finished blossoming long before. If the scheme fails in particular instances it is oftener the children who suffer than the countryside. Left to amuse themselves in unfamiliar surroundings, with nobody to organize their activities or explain what there is to be interested in, they are rather liable to get bored and to start pining before their fortnight is up for the familiar street-life from which they have been taken. Nevertheless the fact that they are scattered about in twos and threes, and not in herds, does give them a chance to attend to what they see. Any way of approaching Nature is better than a gregarious one.

It is likely enough that the officials who planned the billeting of children last September had heard of the Children's Country Holiday Fund. But they had not learned its most obvious lessons. The billeting was to be compulsory, not voluntary; the reception of the children would become not a privilege that was valued and could be withdrawn, but a disliked task over whose discharge it would be difficult to keep any watch or check. There was no machinery for inspecting accommodation beforehand, or for visiting the children during their stay. No care was taken to choose particular types of children for particular types of homes. None of the precautions against infectious disease, which C.C.H.F. experience had shown to



DRAWING BY MERVYN PEAKE
from his Exhibition at the Leicester Galleries, February 22-March 10

be so necessary, were to have been observed. These departures were all serious from the standpoint of the welfare of the children. But from that of the welfare of the countryside the novelties of more importance were two. First that the newcomers, instead of being sprinkled thinly over village life like the C.C.H.F. children, were to swamp it with their concentrated numbers. And secondly that, instead of staying a fortnight, they would stay for months and possibly even years. Both these factors would go to make gang habits the rule and not the exception; and both would be more or less inevitable under the conditions of the war problem, if it were sought to solve it in that way.

Of course it might be rejoined that there was yet another novelty; the children were to be accompanied by teachers from their schools, who would look after them and keep them in order. But how far in most cases would it be possible for them to do so? The teachers' task would be to teach—to continue the children's education by giving them instruction during the usual hours in the middle of the day. That would be a burden exhausting enough under the extemporized conditions. Not many teachers would effectively be able to add to it the duty of supervision outside school hours: a duty for which they have not been trained and need not have any natural aptitude, and which even archangels might find it impossible to perform, while the children were scattered in separate households all over a village or a string of remote hamlets.

It is the difficulty of solving this problem of supervision which vitiates the billeting scheme. You can only justify resorting to it under pressure of sudden and extreme emergency. If the children's urban homes are being bombed, and there are still no shelters and the only way to save their lives is to move them without delay into village billets, then no doubt it is better to billet them than to let them be slaughtered. But we surely cannot allow ourselves to consider billeting an adequate permanent programme—something in which the nation can acquiesce as worthily meeting its long-run requirements. A paper suit is better than nakedness in a blizzard; but we should not make a practice of dressing naked Britons in paper. It is obvious that, for the present, liability to be bombed from the air attaches as a permanent feature to the life of our main urban populations. Experience in Spain has shown that it can to quite a large extent be dealt with—for children as well as for adults—by solidly constructed shelters; and this method, because it does not dissolve family life and social ties, is even for children in all but the extreme cases the best. But since in those cases we must be prepared also for evacuating them, ought we not to evacuate them to condi-

tions where they can be properly controlled and cared for? That means housing them in buildings specially built or adapted for the purpose, where the problem of control need not be shirked but can be solved on reasonably economic lines—i.e., with a proportion of supervisors to supervised that it is practicable to achieve.

II

The shortest word to express this programme is “camps.” But its suggestions are sometimes misleading. To many people a “camp” implies something military; to many others something specially holidayish and athletic and open-air. For our present purposes it need not strictly be either. Nor need it always be something brand new, laid out on a *tabula rasa*. A terrace of disused coastguard cottages, or one or two biggish Victorian houses with outbuildings and gardens (such as smaller families and the servant problem and the doubled cost of gardeners are causing to fall into disuse in the smaller country towns) may often form a suitable nucleus for conversion into what we want. It is not essential that the camp should be situated in particularly charming or “scenic” country, or even in the open country at all. It is essential that it should have enough land in and around it for playground and playing-field and a gymnasium and any other physical amenities, such as swimming facilities or squash courts, which in particular situations it may be possible to contrive and afford.

Life in these refugee establishments—whether we call them “camps” or, as might be thought preferable, adopt some special designation such as “war refuges”—will be designedly and inevitably gregarious. And recalling what was said above about the futility of gregarious approaches to Nature, let us clear our minds of any pretence that the direct purpose of the new institutions should include any approach to Nature at all. Hitherto, where school camps or unemployed camps have been organized, there has been a tendency to choose specially good scenery for their location. The cost to the scenery has on the whole been high, and with the vastly greater scale of the new movement would become proportionately much higher. It is no good pretending that, because a few persons at a time can derive much spiritual sustenance from a mountain solitude, therefore a thousand persons at a time should be allowed to do the same. Admit the thousand, and the solitude disappears. Every thoughtful lover of the Peak District must regret what has been done at Edale; not merely for the changes which the camping there has brought but for the menacing example which it has set. Similar invasions of especially beautiful tracts in the ordinary pastoral

Southern English countryside are calculated to be even more destructive. Such tracts usually owe to their seclusion their retention of a beauty and charm once common to most of Southern England. Collect on them the locust-hordes of the Camper—who in his effects is simply the Tripper writ large—and the impact is indeed disastrous.

No, in a gregarious establishment the herd should in the crisis be enabled and encouraged to seek its occupations and pleasures within its own grounds. These war refuges for school children, or at any rate the larger ones, might well be modelled, in a very broad sense, on the boarding public schools. They will be less luxurious, of course; the lodging will generally be in huts instead of houses, the hall and class-rooms temporary instead of monumental; and, where the public school has studies and a library, the war refuge will have indoor recreation premises like a boys' or a girls' club. But a model "camp's" buildings will be scattered round playing-fields, where all the regular games will be played; and let us hope that, under the State's auspices, there may also be effective courses of proper physical training for all, such as the public schools in their game-worship so unfortunately omit. Such a "camp" would be much more than a war-time speculation; it could be kept busy and profitable in a variety of excellent uses during peace. Relays of town school-children could be brought there for courses, in which education was combined with a special effort in physical development. Outside school terms the premises—at any rate the more attractively equipped and conveniently situated ones—could be adapted for holidays with pay. Success at all these points would depend on making the facilities for recreation—and not least the indoor facilities—thoroughly good and popular. To secure the peace-time uses, which will be spared the burden of war-cost, no pains should be spared to get the camps a good name with the classes for which they would be designed.

Of course, if the number of children requiring accommodation in war-time were three millions, or anything like it, it would be impossible to use any large proportion of the accommodation during peace. Let us add that it would be impracticable to find so much accommodation at all without billeting under conditions of gross overcrowding, or to maintain such a host of children away from their homes for a long period without total breakdown on the side of discipline and upbringing. But the figure of three millions is really a fantastic one. It was based on the assumption that no effective shelters would exist in any of the large British cities, and that the only thing to do for their child-population was to evacuate it *en masse*. Last September, when these cities were actually caught shelterless in the

face of a war crisis, there indeed seemed nothing else to do. Since then the Government has been incredibly slow about shelters, but it can scarcely remain so. Popular fears and expert unanimity must before long overcome its reluctances; and when the cities have the protection requisite for continuing their daily functions, the need for evacuations will be confined, as has been said, to the extreme cases, and, though considerable, ought not to be on an unmanageable scale.

III

Where ought these "war refuges" or camps to be? Our answer must be determined by our leading object. We are not proposing to evacuate the children with the primary purpose of giving them good air, or showing them good landscapes, but with that of saving them from being bombed. The air on the Surrey Downs or in the Chilterns is probably quite as good as any in Monmouthshire or Glamorgan. But the Surrey Downs and the Chilterns are very likely areas to be bombed. Monmouthshire and Glamorgan are not. An apparent mistake of the authorities throughout has been not to look far enough afield. They pursue their child-billeting inquiries within the Home Counties. But all the refuge that those counties might provide in war would be much better reserved for the accommodation of adult refugees, the homeless victims of house-destruction in London or in the Home Counties' own towns, who will present a most desperate and dangerous problem, unless some housing resources near at hand have been left available for dealing quickly with them.

Mention of Monmouth and Glamorgan may lead us to consider whether the Government might not to some extent link up its camp policy with a more active policy for the distressed areas. There are three regions—South Wales, Durham, and West Cumberland—which may be thought particularly suitable. They are all declining coal districts, with more roads, drains, water-supply, schools, halls, churches, etc., than, as things stand, their populations will in future require. Before mining disfigured them they were all areas of fine landscape; and the disfigurement, while sufficient to render it difficult to develop them as tourist resorts, is not really incompatible with their becoming the sites of highly attractive camps. Hilly, sprawling, and centreless, they would be a waste of effort for enemy bombers. Sites in them are cheap. Camps could be largely erected by unemployed labour, thus securing a double advantage; and there are also very considerable possibilities of billeting, which might sometimes be used in connection with the camps, especially in cases where mothers wished, and were able, to accompany their children.

How large should the camps be? The Government size is 350, which seems altogether too small. There is, of course, scope for small undertakings, such as we have said might be based on the acquisition and conversion of one or more adjacent large houses in a suitable small town. Enterprises on that scale might each take one or more of the departments from a not very large school. But if you are going to lay out a camp on more ambitious lines it will pay to make it at least big enough for a whole big school to be transferred to it bodily. And there are definite advantages in having it much larger still.

The Government's motive for keeping the size down has probably been the same which has explained throughout their special liking for billeting schemes and their unwillingness, in the face of all evidence, to make plans for large-scale shelters. It is political. Whitehall has noticed that the nation is undisturbed by a death-roll of many thousands on the roads, because the deaths occur in twos and threes; whereas a train crash or a mine explosion, which should destroy 100 people together, would blanch every cheek. The inference is that, if trouble is to be avoided in war-time, deaths must not be allowed to occur in holocausts. It will produce more consternation for fifty people to be killed in one large shelter than for 100 people to be killed in fifty little ones. And so in regard to the size of camps. It is difficult to feel much respect for this line of reasoning, yet equally difficult to deny its plausibility. But for camps it is not really even plausible, for there is little likelihood that a camp of 1,000 would suffer more casualties than a camp of 350. On the contrary, since its buildings could be more widely spaced and it could afford deeper shelters, it might probably suffer less.

But the larger each camp, the larger will be its effect on the landscape in the area where it is situated. And if it is in fact an eyesore, the larger the eyesore. From every point of view a strong effort should be made to prevent that happening. There is no reason why it should happen. Nothing may be more disfiguring than a camp of hutments, when it is a ramshackle congeries of tin and tar; but the effect can be very different indeed, if the hutments are well designed in form and proportion, well disposed in relation to the lie of the ground, and well painted all over in appropriate colours. The most effective colour-combinations, it is true, may be vetoed on the ground of conspicuousness from the air; but you could go a long way to secure pleasantness and camouflage together by using the right shades of green. Where irregularities of arrangement were desired, their disharmony might be marked by growing trees among the buildings; and, though it would take some years for the effect, there might well

be systematic forest-plantings on and round the camp sites, such as would eventually make important and welcome additions to the clothing of the local landscapes.

This is a case where the difference between charm and ugliness need cost little in money. It is chiefly a matter of taking or not taking thought. The camps can be inspiring to look at, and they ought to be. It ought to be possible for every child and every holiday-maker who is brought to one to feel in some degree that he has been introduced to an atmosphere of beauty and order, which it is in his interest to help to maintain and not to desecrate. Litter and untidiness ought to be banned as a matter of camp discipline and constant care taken that the campers do not, in effect, ravage the territory round them. Run in such a spirit, the new institution not only would do little harm to its immediate settings but it might be the means of raising very greatly the standard of English conduct in such matters—at present so much lower than that of the Germans and Scandinavians.

Is this a vain hope? Are tin and tar to remain for us the last words in camp architecture? Is the happy-go-lucky Cockney spirit, which insensitively creates ugliness and tramples beauty, to be given still wider reaches of the English countryside to conquer and profane? Perhaps so. Certainly no effort is required in order to reach that result. We have merely to let things take their course, and their current will conduct us thither. A familiar type of politician—our commonest type—will pride himself on pursuing the safe road of popularity, economy, and commonplace, and thank God that he is not as those high-brows are, who want to improve their fellow men.

And yet perhaps the truer vision may triumph. Just over a century ago the New Poor Law caused us to cover the country with a new set of buildings—the union workhouses—much as the early Middle Age had covered it with parish churches, or the piety of the thirteenth century carried into desolate fastnesses the Cistercian abbeys. We are not insensible now to the sting in that comparison. Our methods did not show decisively better, when the time came a little later to cover England with elementary schools. But there, at least, we have not stood still. Disputed at every stage by the “practical” man, cursed for a wastrel and crabbed for a faddist, the improver has gradually improved those old bad patterns out of recognition. The schools built now for the children of the people are not merely five decades in advance of the Board schools of fifty years ago. They belong to another order of civilization.

The Government in carrying out its camp programme starts with a clean sheet. It must act quickly, it is true, but it has taken time to

think before it started, and it can get good advice if it cares. The first motive is, and must remain, defence; and to its requirements the other considerations must remain subordinate. But that ought not to mean ignoring them. The choice of camp-sites will be the first step, over which fatal mistakes can be made. It ought to present no such difficulty, as aerodromes are coming to do, because a camp need not be on level ground, whereas aerodromes—with their ever-lengthening runways corresponding to the ever-growing speed of aeroplanes—require extents of level that in many English districts are not easy to find. With its much greater freedom of choice, the State's camp authority should avoid outraging thoughtful opinion in the way that the Air Ministry too often has. Also it must shun the pretence—used to excuse some of the worst vandalistic requisitions made during the Great War—that what is done is temporary. When it takes over for a camp a down or a dale which in its present state has a high amenity-value for the public, that amenity-value will be lost for all foreseeable time. The transaction ought not to be upheld, unless the loss is frankly acknowledged and on balance deemed justifiable; and in the present stage of hurry the Government might well be content to go ahead with undisputed cases.



VENUS SURPRISED BY SATYRS IN THE MIDST OF A BACCHANALIAN DANCE
Paraphrase of two paintings by Poussin in the National Gallery, by JAMES THURBER
From the exhibition of "Paraphrases" at the Storrn Gallery, Feb. 15-Mar. 11

LAMENT FOR THE LANDLESS

By Ruth Pitter

IN the dark by the bay-tree, by the noble laurel,
 Haunted by rustling song-birds who come to rest
 Like poems remembered, lodged in the leaves of honour,
 Love of the earth leaps up, and falls in a sigh for my fellows.

Now it is winter, but some cold grapes linger:
 Alas for the man who has never smelled the thick-flowering
 Vine in its bursting glory, uniting the violet,
 Rose, orange, lily and cyclamen, with the strength of yeast working,
 The breath of the mighty sap labouring hugely.

Alas for the disinherited, the earthless, the unrooted—
 No crocus, no primrose, no blessing of natural increment!
 The flower of the plum hanging across the young moon
 And the hedge-sparrow's brood with buttercup-yellow gullets
 Are ravished from him, and he is a city of sorrow.

The beautiful strawberry and the decent violet growing together,
 The pearl with the purple, the scarlet clasped in the green,
 And lying among them the hopeful, the azure crescent
 Of the half egg-shell, flung off by the life emerging
 And cast by the careful mother beyond her dwelling:
 Who is forlorn of these is the godforsaken.

Fair as the violet hangs the dark blue damson;
 Few, but of gold, are the leaves that glitter about it;
 Graceful the yellow mirabelle, the blonde darling,
 Hangs down the arching twig dropped like the April grass-blade:
 One season has laid on the gage that lichen-patina
 Rich as your ancient bronzes: the great-limbed cherry
 Stars with the seeds of burning her night of leafage.

There is fruit in the darkness of the massy ivy;
 The caverned and shaggy ash-tod was heaped with its blossom
 And hazy with wings, and murmuring with flies in October;

And now in the weak noon sun, in the crumbling hollow
Stands large-eyed and dappled the lordly stormcock, the stagbird,
Pen y llyn, cropping the inky knots of the plant of Bacchus.

Gratitude leaps and falls, and spreads into resignation.
I eat of the fruit of the tree where the good dog lies
Meshed in the quiet root, and my hand is busy
On wrinkled stems that were planted by the forgotten;
And I must be numbered with them and neglect the seasons,
Though somehow I know that a flower is remembered for ever,
And eyes, and the shape of a bird, for ever remembered.

But the bride, and the plant of the heart, is the wheat in the valleys.
In May, when the virgin ear is adust, and the swallows
Shoot like the darts of love through airs of delight,
Heaven is on earth, and every creature proclaims it.
The wind in the wheat is the breath of the breast of my mother,
And the holy corn in the ear is my true love's posy.



THE CART TRACK
Wood engraving by ERIC KING

THERE WAS A GENTLEWOMAN

By Richard Oke

THERE was a gentlewoman who lived in Milpa Gorda. Nobody remembered what had first brought her to the village, but she had come there a long time ago, way back, they said, in Don Porfirio's day. To quite a wide sweep of the Guerrero hill-country she was just Doña Ester of Milpa Gorda, Madam Hester of Fat Field. She owned no property but her house in Milpa Gorda. It was built of adobe and washed pale blue, and it had a long open gallery with baskets of orchids hanging in the arches. There were more than a hundred and fifty different kinds of orchid, and Doña Ester had collected them all herself. Many of them had insignificant brownish-yellow flowers, and many of them were rather ugly with flowers like the faces of petulant Pekinese dogs, but some of them were very gorgeous. Since she had no water-pressure, Doña Ester had devised a long narrow perforated pipe which was fixed, slightly tilted, above the orchids and which, when the mozo Jesús emptied buckets of water slowly into its higher end, sprayed the orchids gently for as long as Jesús felt strong enough to work the bucket. Orchids do not like their moisture like that. They like it dissolved in the air. But they flourished all the same for Doña Ester. Their baskets were not proper wire flower-baskets at all, they were sieves with a wooden rim and wire bottom, but the orchids did not mind that either. In the huerta behind the house the fruit and vegetables did very well too. And in a country of geraniums Doña Ester's geraniums were a wonder. They grew high against the pale blue adobe walls and in pots and in gasoline-cans. Doña Ester loved gardening, and she had green fingers. She had taught the Indios that phrase. "Tengo los dedos verdes," she would say to them when they asked in a lean season how it was that her tomatoes and mangoes were big and luscious while theirs were small and hard. And that had become a sort of magic formula, applied to explain many of Doña Ester's actions. For she was changeable in her opinions. One year she would refuse to have anything to do with the twelve-day fiesta before Christmas, and the next she would sit for hours in her gallery cutting out coloured paper-lace to decorate the church. Now she would contentedly eat, day after day, the frijoles that Dolores cooked to a delicious rose-brown creamy mess, and now she would declare that she would never touch a Mexican bean again as long as she lived and insist that Dolores prepare difficult foreign food. "Pué, tiene los dedos verdes," the Indios would say.

And then there were the humming-birds. Humming-birds live on nectar and are attracted by colour and glitter, and Doña Ester supplied them with little glass tubes filled with sugar-water and decorated with scraps of tinfoil and bright ribbon. After sipping up a beakful they liked to perch and swallow at leisure, so each tube was attached to a branched twig. There were a number of twigs protruding from among the flowers and from the balustrade of the gallery. In addition Doña Ester had a contrivance that looked like a crazy test-tube rack, with ribboned tubes and little perches sticking out in various directions. She would sit with this in her lap and the humming-birds would come and hover and sip and perch and hover all round her. Humming-birds can fly backwards in little rushes, they can check their swift flight instantaneously in mid-air, and their wings as they hover move far too quickly to be visible. They have nasty natures, and one will chase another away from food he does not want himself. But they are very gay and decorative, and Doña Ester could watch them by the hour, even though their wings, when there were half a dozen of them, whirred loud enough to interfere with gramophone music. For Doña Ester was also devoted to Mozart. "Pues, tiene los dedos verdes," said the Indios who did not understand Mozart. And the children would peer at her to see if her fingers were really green.

Milpa Gorda is a primitive village, and the villagers are poor agriculturists. But they are good silversmiths. Perhaps they were that long ago, before the Conquest. Not much has altered since then, although the villagers have all seen automobiles on the Taxco highway, and some of the girls have discovered face-powder, and once old Don Teodoro won sixty-five pesos in the national lottery. There is silver everywhere round Milpa Gorda, but the veins are too slight and scattered to be worth mining, except by Indios. Doña Ester, however, encouraged the silverwork. She oversaw the designs and she made arrangements for the work to be sold in Taxco to tourists. She had quite a shrewd eye for what would be thought typically Mexican in Carmel and Woodstock. And, since the Indios were all artists, the rings and ash-trays, and bowls and bracelets were often beautiful in their own right, simple and rough but beautiful. The silver was very white and soft, more than ninety per cent pure.

Doña Ester dressed in Mexican clothes. That is, in Mexican clothes of her own assembling. She wore a wrapped skirt of coral-coloured wool like the women of Pátzcuaro, and she wore her rebozo twisted turbanwise on her head like the women of the south, of Oaxaca and Tehuantepec, not in the madonna-veil fashion of central Mexico. When it was chilly she put on a man's chamarra, a short

jacket of soft leather dyed peach-colour. She used big men's handkerchiefs of cotton stamped in gaudy Paisley patterns such as you can see in any Mexican market fluttering from safety-pins strung on a rod. She wore a man's leather belt set with silver plaques and turquoise-matrix from Sonora, and ordinary hide huaraches on her bare feet. And her wrists and fingers were covered with bracelets and rings made by her Indios. They worked in their adobe huts, over fires of charcoal or even of dried corncobs just as they had worked for centuries.

Doña Ester was not eccentric by volition. She was not affected. She liked colour, and so she surrounded herself with flowers and humming-birds and wore gaudy clothes. But she did these things for herself alone and not for a show. She was well known, but she knew hardly anybody. Most of the tourists in Taxco had heard of her before they came, and all would have liked to meet her. But she received no tourists. Once the American Ambassador, being in Taxco, proposed to call on her, but she refused him too. She was, or she had been, American, and every now and then a new official of the American Consulate would hear of her and get fussed as to what might happen to her if there were a revolution or an outbreak of banditry. Everybody else, of course, knew there was nobody in all Mexico safer than Doña Ester of Milpa Gorda.

"What to do if bandits come?" she said once to a young painter (for she would receive those who came to Milpa Gorda for a purpose and not just to gape), when he said he wanted to camp out in the country and paint the voluted hills very early in the morning. "What do you do? Well, if there's one, tell him to go away. If there are two, show them a gun. And if there are twenty, ask them to have coffee with you. There won't be any bandits, but that's what to do."

Every so often she would ride into Taxco on donkey-back, taking all day to come in from Milpa Gorda and bringing with her the latest batch of Milpa Gorda silverwork. She always came with only her mozo Jesús, who was very old—very old, that is, for an Indio. Tourists would stare at the pair as they jogged up the steep streets, Jesús coming first leading the donkey with the saddlebags and Doña Ester in her remarkable clothes on the other donkey. And it was not just her clothes or even her personality that made people stare; they stared because, in spite of her life and in spite of her clothes, she still looked American. She looked, as one visitor phrased it, like the Mother of Mother's Day. The visitors stared, and hoped she would come to stay, or even to lunch, at the Borda or the Taxqueño, but she never did. She usually spent two nights in Taxco, riding back to Milpa Gorda on the third day, and she always stayed with an old

friend, a Spaniard who had come to Taxco long before any tourist had discovered it. He took charge of the Milpa Gorda silver and distributed it for sale to various Indios. Doña Ester would not let any gringos make money out of it. The Spaniard, who was known as Don Alfonso, would never say very much about Doña Ester. "Pues, es una persona muy culta," he would say, she is very cultivated, and he would almost always add: "Y es muy flamenca." That was a phrase of his own country, and to a Spaniard it holds suggestions of Andalucía, and gipsy music and bright colours and bold gaiety and a certain originality. It is an odd word, for there seems to be no reason why Fleming should have come to be associated with gipsies and the strange, deep, voice-torturing singing of Spain, when neither gipsies nor song in any form are the dominant characteristics of Flanders. But perhaps it has quite other roots, and indeed many have been suggested. "Y muy flamenca." And that, like the green fingers, had become a motif referring to Doña Ester. "Tiene los dedos verdes y es muy flamenca," said the Indios.

But perhaps only Don Alfonso knew quite what he meant when he said she was muy flamenca. Sometimes he would go out to Milpa Gorda to spend a few days. There was a very fine view from the gallery, a view over bare, complicated mountains that reminded Don Alfonso of his own land, for he came from the rocky country round Guadix. He and Doña Ester would sit in the gallery and the humming-birds would whirl and hover round the tubes in Doña Ester's lap and Dolores would work the gramophone (it had taken her many months to learn to do it), and tourists who left the Taxco highway to drive down the dirt road to the point whence they could see the famous Doña Ester's house would be astonished to hear strains of *Figaro* or the *Entführung* floating through the thin, clear air. And sometimes they would sit there without any music, but always with the humming-birds, and with the hiss and gurgle of water as old Jesús poured bucketful after bucketful gently into the perforated pipe and the air round the orchids danced with spray. Don Alfonso liked going to Milpa Gorda. And Doña Ester liked having Don Alfonso there, for he knew only Spain and Mexico and nothing at all about the States and the sort of life that middle-aged American women lead, and so did not treat her as a curiosity.

"Do you know what I ought to be doing?" she said to him once. "I ought to be living in a nice, small house with some nice dogwood trees in the garden, and when they were out, which would be about now, I ought to be giving a nice Dogwood Tea."

And Don Alfonso, having no idea what she was talking about and

not knowing even what dogwood was, had shaken his head and murmured: "Muy flamenca, muy flamenca."

"Instead of which, here I am with my hummers."

It was on a sunny February afternoon, when they were sitting there like that, that the young man appeared. He was on horseback, followed by a mozo on another horse. His riding-clothes and boots were respectably use-worn, he was slim and sat his horse well and he had quite an air.

"Good afternoon," he said in English. "Doña Ester? I'm your nephew." And before Doña Ester had time to say anything he went on: "Got some iodine? And some cotton wool?"

"Yes," said Doña Ester. "That is, lambs' wool."

She went into the house, and to Don Alfonso, who had not understood what had been said, she looked as if she were, for once, at a loss. For, though he was not quick-witted, he knew Doña Ester very well.

When she came back her face was composed. The young man had taken the heavy wooden saddle off his horse and Don Alfonso was hovering round tut-tutting at the nasty sore on the beast's back.

"Poor old screw," said the young man. "But all I could hire. I guessed this was here, but I wouldn't even look before since I'd got to go on riding him anyway."

He soused the raw flesh in iodine, but the horse hardly flinched. Then he put a big pad of lambs' wool over the wound. The mozo who had come with him sat on his own horse and stared expressionlessly at the performance. It was Don Alfonso who helped the young man heave the big wooden saddle up and into place without disturbing the pad.

"Now," said the young man, smiling, "are you keeping me here for the night, Aunt Hester?"

"Yes," said Doña Ester.

The young man paid off the mozo, who set off with the two horses towards the village.

"You gave him far too much," said Doña Ester. "He'll get drunk at the cantina, spend the night in the open and get back to Taxco without a dime. And the first time he unsaddles that lambs' wool will come off."

"Well, the iodine can't come off," said the young man.

The young man picked up the leather satchel that he had brought tied to his saddle and followed Doña Ester into the house. Don Alfonso waited on the terrace. He had not understood the conversation, and he was not really much surprised, for occasionally Doña Ester did give a night's lodging to a stray artist or prospector who

took her fancy. But he was surprised when Doña Ester came back and, while the young man was cleaning up, told Don Alfonso that he was her nephew. But she said no more than that, and either did not wish or did not think it necessary to explain further, and Don Alfonso was far too tactful to press her.

The young man had little Spanish, so that Don Alfonso did not get any enlightenment from him. They smiled and bowed to each other and said *Mucho gusto* and *Con permiso* and *Por nada, señor*, and *Muchísimas gracias*, and that was about all. Nor, at any rate while Don Alfonso was there, did Doña Ester and the young man say much to each other. The evening was still and clement and they sat in the gallery and Dolores played the gramophone and there was little conversation. The young man, it seemed, was a Mozart enthusiast too. He had very bright eyes and one gold tooth rather far back in his mouth, but not too far back to flash when he smiled. He had a winning smile. And when the next day Don Alfonso returned to Taxco that was about all he knew of Doña Ester's new-found nephew Don Carlos.

It was some time before Don Alfonso had any news from Milpa Gorda and then he heard that the young man was still there. Already the village had come to regard Don Carlos as a permanency. He rode round with Doña Ester when she went to various outlying hamlets to collect the silverwork, and he helped her in the huerta, and he listened tirelessly to the gramophone, and he talked a great deal, and while he talked Doña Ester laughed a great deal. Everybody agreed that she, who had never been melancholy, had a new cheerfulness. And Don Alfonso was pleased to hear that she was happy.

Some weeks later again the young man rode into Taxco with Jesús and bought some new clothes. He stayed two nights in Don Alfonso's house and told him in broken Spanish that he hadn't brought any of the Milpa Gorda silver with him this time. He was very agreeable and slapped Don Alfonso hard on the back and took him to a bar and gave him several Martinis. That was the only other time that Don Alfonso saw him, but he heard that the young man was staying on at Milpa Gorda, and he was glad of it. Which was generous of him, because he himself liked going there, and he had not been invited there for Easter as he usually was. He was a sentimentalist at heart, and the fact that he had not been invited seemed to him a guarantee that Doña Ester was happy, and he did not in the least grudge her happiness. On the contrary, he thought it very beautiful that, as she grew old, she should have acquired a young nephew to help and cheer her. And when at last he got a message asking him

to go to Milpa Gorda he happened to have several paying guests in his house and could not go until a week later. That was about four months after Don Carlos's arrival at Milpa Gorda.

Doña Ester was sitting in the gallery alone when Don Alfonso reached the house. The rack of sugar-water tubes was in her lap and the humming-birds were whirring round her. Don Alfonso slid off his mule, straightened the worn, black city suit he wore everywhere, and went up on to the terrace. He sat down in his usual chair without shaking hands so as not to disturb the humming-birds and smiled at Doña Ester.

"And where is Don Carlos?" he asked.

"He's gone," said Doña Ester. She started speaking quite calmly, but as she went on her voice changed. It did not get louder or quicker. It became more charged. It was like a big silent cloud that may or may not break into thunder. Don Carlos had gone. Very early one morning. On the bay mare. With all his belongings. And with all the money there was in the house and the new lot of Milpa Gorda silverwork.

"All told, it doesn't amount to more than two thousand pesos," she ended. "For two thousand pesos he did that."

Don Alfonso was thunderstruck. Then he got very angry and proposed making all sorts of efforts to track Don Carlos down. But Doña Ester said no. She didn't care about the money. And, anyway, maybe Carlos had spent it by now. He'd had nearly a fortnight's start. That was what had happened, and it had happened, and it was over. And when Don Alfonso remembered the young man's visit to Taxco and how he hadn't brought any silver with him, she said:

"Well, that only makes a few hundred pesos more."

Then Don Alfonso, who was genuinely hurt for Doña Ester, tried to be comforting. But she wouldn't listen to that either.

"He pulled the wool over my eyes nicely," she said. "Flattery all the way. He kept on telling me things he said the Indios had said about me. The white woman revered and respected by the natives. Queen of the region and all that. I was certainly a fool. Why, he never could understand an Indio properly."

"And, you know, he really is my nephew," she added.

Don Alfonso did not know what to say, so he said nothing. And after a little, Doña Ester said:

"Well, let's have some music. Dolores!"

The afternoon went on like scores of other afternoons Don Alfonso had spent at Milpa Gorda, sitting in the gallery and listening to Mozart and looking out at the hills that were somehow



CARICATURE

by FRANCESCO BARBIERI, CALLED GUERCINO (1591-1666)
*from the exhibition of Caricature in the Print room of the British
Museum, arranged to supplement the Exhibition of "A Century of
French Caricature" at the New Burlington Galleries, March 10—April 6*

like the hills of Guadix, particularly at this season of the year, in May, when they were dry and parched and waiting for the June rains. It was an especially hot May. There had not been any rain at all since October.

Two humming-birds fought a duel just outside the gallery. They checked, turned, swooped, pirouetted with immense speed. It was a highly decorative fight. Eventually both fell to the ground. After a moment one of them picked himself up and flew off, while the other lay still. But as soon as the victor was out of sight the vanquished, anything but a corpse, picked himself up too and flew off in the other direction. Humming-bird fights are like that.

"You see, they're not strong enough really to hurt one another, so it doesn't matter how nasty they are," said Doña Ester.

And those were the last words she spoke, for a little while afterwards, while they were listening to the *Queen of the Night*, she had a stroke. There was, of course, no such thing as a doctor in Milpa Gorda, or indeed nearer than Taxco. Don Alfonso fussed helplessly with Doña Ester's medicine-chest, and Dolores sent for the curandera, a woman learned in herbs, who applied leaves of gigantea to Doña Ester's forehead and made some sort of tisane which they tried to pour down her throat. But she could not be made to swallow. She did not regain consciousness, and early the next morning she ceased to breathe. In the eyes of the Indios no end could have been more fitting for her than to be thus stricken, as it were causelessly and by a god.

Don Alfonso was quite shattered, far too shattered to do anything about the funeral. But there was no need for him to trouble. Milpa Gorda saw to that. There was no priest, nor in that climate could they delay burial long enough to fetch one. But they covered the coffin with all the flowers they could find, including all Doña Ester's own orchids, and carried it shoulder-high all round the village and three times round the church and then they left it on a trestle-bier in the chancel. It was old Jesús who went there and put among the flowers the rack of sugar-water tubes, and all day until sunset the humming-birds, smelling out the nectar, flew in and out of the crumbling church door and hovered round the coffin. There was not a household in the village that did not contribute a candle to hold darkness away from Doña Ester. And the next morning they buried her.

When the news of Doña Ester's death became known, Don Alfonso, of course, became a centre of interest in Taxco. And at last he was willing to talk about her. She had come to Milpa Gorda, said Don Alfonso, more than forty years before, with her father and Jesús

the mozo. Don Alfonso thought the father had lost money or standing in his own country and was seeking his fortune. He had had the idea that something could be done with the silver round Milpa Gorda. Probably it was the usual small miner's will-o'-the-wisp: to-day I starve but to-morrow I shall strike a vein. But before he could be proved right or wrong he got dysentery badly and died of it. No, there had been no hold-ups, no shootings, nothing dramatic. Not even a love-affair that had gone wrong? No, not even that. It was disappointing. Doña Ester's nephew had not been in Milpa Gorda long enough to become known to tourists, and Don Alfonso never mentioned him.

"But why ever did she stay there after her father's death? A young girl like that——"

"Why did she stay there?" Don Alfonso's eyes opened wide. "Pué, hombre, because she liked it. She always did what she liked." And he smiled reflectively and added: "Era muy flamenca."

Don Alfonso tried to carry on the Milpa Gorda silver business in Doña Ester's way, but the gringos got hold of it and the Indios are being encouraged to make too many things alike so that, though there is still feeling in much of the work, on the whole the standard is going down.

Doña Ester had left no will, and the American Consulate had a lot of trouble over her estate. It appeared that she had a nephew somewhere who would be next-of-kin, but he could not be traced and, though advertised for, did not put in a claim. An official of the Consulate saw to the clearing of the house at Milpa Gorda, and was much more interested in the orchids and the excellent collection of Mozart records than in a nineteenth-century engraving, entitled *Lady Hester Stanhope* and inscribed in pencil: "With love from Charlie," and representing a female in vaguely Arab dress gesticulating at some vaguely Syrian hills, which was lying on Doña Ester's dressing-table torn into four pieces.



Wood engraving by R. JOHN PETTS

HEIL, PHOEBUS!

By Harold M. Harris

"Might I venture to ask what you may consider the true principles of art?"

"Aryan principles; not merely the study of nature, but of beautiful nature; the art of design in a country inhabited by a first-rate race, and where the laws, the manners, the customs, are calculated to maintain the health and beauty of a first-rate race. . . . Semitism has destroyed art; it taught man to despise his own body, and the essence of art is to honour the human frame."

THIS eloquent exposition of the principles of art might well have been part of a catechism issued by the Reich Ministry of Propaganda. But those acquainted with the novels of Disraeli will know that it came, in fact, from the pen of that Jewish Prime Minister who, according to Herr Julius Streicher, was elevated to the peerage under the title of Lord Gladstone.

The question is *Lothair's* and the Aryan theory is expounded by Mr. Gaston Phoebus, the artist descendant of a noble family of Gascony, who combined the qualities of "brilliancy, bravery and boastfulness," and was at the same time "equally vain, arrogant and eccentric."

To such a degree was Disraeli fascinated by every manifestation of aristocratic pomp and glitter that he seldom permitted himself to question the inherent virtues of high society, riches and noble names. Mr. Phoebus was an exception. He presented a facet of the aristocratic world which even the author of *Lothair* felt justified in using as a butt for his humour.

In the past six years, however, the novelist's flippancy has indeed assumed a deeper hue of meaning, the opinions which he put by way of comic relief into the mouth of one of his characters have become the sacred tenets of a nation's faith, and Mr. Phoebus is transformed into a prophetic creation, a compendium of Aryan principles—the first Nazi.

It is a matter for regret that there is no evidence to support my theory that the Fuehrer, having come upon a copy of *Lothair* during the war and taken the absurdities of Mr. Phoebus in all seriousness, borrowed them for the purpose of writing *Mein Kampf*, and was borne to power on the strength of fanciful doctrines invented in a moment of relaxation by a Jewish politician.

Even the Nazi theory of eugenics was foreshadowed, when Mr. Phoebus said: "I made Madame Phoebus my wife because she was

the finest specimen of the Aryan race that I was acquainted with," and, almost in the words of *Der Stuermer*:

"The union of the races concerns the welfare of the commonwealth much too nearly to be entrusted to individual arrangement. The fate of a nation will ultimately depend upon the strength and health of the population. Both France and England should look to this; they have cause. . . . Laws should be passed to secure all this, and some day they will be. But nothing can be done until the Aryan races are extricated from Semitism."

Almost every aspect of Nazi ideology was first expressed by Mr. Phoebus—and usually more gracefully than lies in the power of the rulers of modern Germany. "Books are fatal," he said to Lothair; "they are the curse of the human race. Nine-tenths of the existing books are nonsense, and the clever books are the refutation of that nonsense." He added:

"The essence of education is the education of the body. To render the body strong and supple is the first duty of man. He should develop and completely master the whole muscular system. What I admire in the order to which you belong is that they do live in the air, that they excel in athletic sports; that they can only speak one language, and that they never read."

"These are Aryan principles?" said Lothair.

"They are," said Mr. Phoebus; "and of such principles, I believe, a great revival is at hand."

Was Delphi ever more accurate?

Mr. Phoebus put his ideas into practice in the Aegean island which he possessed. His sister-in-law, the lovely Euphrosyne, tells Lothair that he "revived the gymnasia; and my sister and myself have schools, only music and dancing; Gaston does not approve of letters. The poor people have, of course, their own primary schools with their priests, and Gaston does not interfere with them, but he regrets their existence. He looks upon reading and writing as very injurious to education."

And the master complimented Lothair on his lack of learning and gave him some sound advice. "Fortunately," he says, "you have received the admirable though partial education of your class. You are a good shot, you can ride, you can row, you can swim. . . . You have not had time to read much. Give it up altogether."

Could the education of the young contemporary German be more succinctly expressed?

Dr. Goebbels himself, whose spectacular effects are said to form the main item of the average German family's diet, has yet much to learn before he can hope to be classed in the same category with Mr. Phoebus as a promoter of lavish displays.

When the eldest son of the Prince of Samos visited the island,

Mr. Phoebus was quite equal to the occasion.

The yacht was dressed in every part with the streaming colours of all nations, the banner of Gaston Phoebus waved from his pavilion, the guard of honour kept the ground, but the population of the isle were present in numbers and in their most showy costume, and a battery of ancient Turkish guns fired a salute without an accident. . . . There was a wolf-hunt and other sport; a great day of gymnasia, many dances and much music; in fact, there were choruses all over the island, and every night was a serenade.

Like all good Aryans, "there was nothing he liked much more than a procession."

Even the most ardent upholder of a faith, however, has a weakness, the indulgence of which leads him to inconsistency. Thus, it is surprising to find him accepting, albeit with misgiving, the proposal of the Russian Court to journey to Palestine and repair to St. Petersburg, there to execute "paintings illustrative of some of the most memorable scenes of the Holy Land."

Considering [the author points out] that the great objects in life with Mr. Phoebus were to live in an Aryan country, amid an Aryan race, and produce works which should revive for the benefit of human nature Aryan creeds, a proposition to pass some of the prime years of his life among the Mongolian race, and at the same time devote his pencil to the celebration of Semitic subjects was startling.

But his desertion of the Aryan principles is explained by a weakness similar to one of the less sinister indulgences of General Goering. As he explained to Lothair:

"I do not know what they may offer to make me; probably only a baron, perhaps a count. But you know in Russia a man may become a prince. . . . I wonder what the decoration will be. . . . You have a right, whatever your decoration, to have it expressed, of course at your own expense, in brilliants. I confess I have my weaknesses. I should like to go over to the Academy dinner in my ribbon and star in brilliants."

The Prussian Beau Brummel has, indeed, caught something of the flamboyance of Mr. Phoebus, whose barge "was rowed by a crew in Venetian dresses," and who attended a wolf-hunt—a sport to which he was greatly addicted—"in green velvet and seven-leagued boots."

The prophetic vision of Disraeli, even to the smallest detail, will be recognized when it is recalled that both Herr Hitler and Mr. Phoebus were painters by profession. One may be certain that each painted with equal respect for the principles of Aryan art—the master his pictures, the pupil his doors.

A JOLLY NAUTICAL YARN

By Charles Furbank

"AH, you jolly jokers," says the captain, "this is a happy ship. This is an easy-sailing ship. This is a lovely sailing ship."

"It's a ship all right," says Mr. Bags, the first mate.

"Ho, ho, you old sea-dog, you've got barnacles round your heart," says the captain.

"I've got no heart," says the first mate, "I had it cut out by a maid in Porto Bello."

"You talk like it," says the captain.

"You talk like a dime magazine," says the second mate.

"You talk like a Hemingway novel," says the third mate.

"How can a Hemingway novel make an old sailor happy?" says the captain.

"I have a library subscription in Baltimore," says Miss Annabel.

"Here we are wrangling before the ladies," says the captain. "Before the lovely lady. It does my heart good to have you aboard," says the captain; "It does us all good to have you aboard; the work goes sweeter when we're working for a woman, ma'am. The ship's trimmer, the meals are quite little occasions, even the men are smarter."

"What did you say?" says the first mate.

"Oh, you bucko," says the captain, "I said even the men are smarter."

"Those big C.I.O. safety devices," says Miss Annabel.

"Ah, you Jesus-japer, oh, you jolly-sweet-creature. Ho, ho, you're like a breath of the forties to me, Miss Annabel," says the captain. "We're all good company here. We have our little laughs, we make our little jokes, we play our little japes; no one grudges a sailor his bit of fun," says the captain. "God knows we serve, ma'am, God knows we serve."

"I stand and wait," says the bosun, serving the fish.

"Just another joker," says the third mate.

"You rat!" says the second, "I speak first."

"You missed your turn, that's one for you, you weren't smart enough that time, were you? Ha, ha, you were caught that time," says the first mate.

"Ah, shut up, willypuss," says the second.

"That's a fine way to speak to a senior officer, such a senior officer. Who loves a senior officer?" says the first mate.

"You whisky weeper," says the third.

"It's voices from the past," says the first mate, "calling back across the years."

"And pickled in your breath," says the third mate.

"Oh, Lord, save us, that's a laugh. Oh, you wags, oh, you jolly jokers, have your fun, laugh your fill, you make an old sailor a little happier," says the captain.

"That's the way I run the ship, ma'am. Every man's a saucy Jack, count your change, no money back. Every man a dancing Joe, you get no pay if you stay below; but what do we care what we sing or we say, it's work and pray, miss, work and pray," says the captain.

"Lord deliver us," says Miss Annabel, "for the evil times are on us."

"Not while we've a taste of grog, a song in the locker, and a wind in the sails," says the bosun, removing the entrée.

"Honest fellow," says the captain, "your words are like the white cliffs of Dover."

"Why does the bosun serve at table?" says Miss Annabel.

"So he can be near me," says the captain.

"Why?" she says.

"He was his batman in the War," says the first mate.

"He was his chummy in the Q ships days," says the second.

"He's that sort of a bosun," says the third.

"They listen to talks on the wireless, they've heard of Humbert Wolfe; oh, they're snappy chaps," says the captain.

"They have their laugh at me, I have my laugh at them," says the captain.

"Oh, we're rollicking sailormen, oh, we're happy-hearted old chaps, so what do we care as long as we're jolly," says the captain.

"I've lost my life and, oh, no, it never will come again," says the first mate. "I used to be Miss Los Angeles," he says, "and wear the while silk sash around my breast, but it never will come again. I had my appendix out, and since then I've lost touch with my old life. They wouldn't even know me now. There's no more 'In Vishnu-land what Avatar?' and vanity for me," he says.

"What a squaddy, what a cheeky chappie, what an artful old shell-back you are, Mr. Bags, how jolly you make me, how happy I am," says the captain.

"There's a great text in Galatians," says Miss Annabel.

"Yes, there it is, up there on the shelf, the old, shiny, black one, but the words are the same the whole world over, ma'am. It's many a man I've seen comfortably into the sea, with the lead a-rolling round his feet, and his tarpaulin fast about him. There's a strain of poetry in me, ma'am, there is in most of us old sea-dogs who've seen

the sea in all its hundred moods and known the sun by day and the stars by night, but we have to keep it close, the sea's no use for sentiment. The sea's the grey Golgotha of us all, God knows. The grey Golgotha of us all. It takes the best of every man, yet back they come again and again . . ."

"Nine o'clock," says Mr. Bags.

"You mean eight bells," says the bosun.

"Weather and news, turn it on, mister," says the captain.

"No, I turned it on last night, it's the second's turn to-night," says Mr. Bags.

"I'm sure I'd hate to cause anyone any trouble, oh, no, that would never do, I'm sure," says the captain. "I'll turn it on," says the captain. "Though why they call it wireless with all those wires . . ."

"You made that one last week, sir," says the second mate.

"Pardon, gentlemen all, excuse an old sailor's clouded mind. All the old sounds and sights, and all the old laughs and songs that send a sailor over the sea, they're in my head and they sing so loud I forget just what I'm saying."

"Cerebral softening, sir."

"Oh, so you've come out of your coma, sawbones. Listen to sawbones, he'll make you split your sides, he'll make you roar, come on, you old rogue, out with it. You'll love him. What was that remark you made at dinner the other night? Go on, tell Miss Annabel, it'll make her cry."

"How many men have you saved, doc?" says the captain.

"All those I haven't killed," says the doctor.

"There you go," says the captain, "oh, you wicked old cynic, oh, you sceptic, you don't believe in anything, do you; ah, but I know you though, I've seen you with the wounded. Longships, eh, doc? Longships. We were younger then and young life was cheap. Ah, the gallant have gone, ma'am, but not the fair, thank God, ma'am, not the fair."

"All right, all right, tell us about Zeebrugge then," says the third mate.

"Ha, ha, very funny," says the captain, "I suppose that's your idea of a joke. You're a very funny young man, aren't you. Oh, yes, and some people who think themselves so funny look funnier still to other people. Oh, yes, oh, yes, ha, ha, the War was very funny, wasn't it."

"The Queen, God bless her!" says the bosun.

"Give me your hand, bosun," says the captain, "master and man, and who shall say which is the better; but if any of the fo'c'sle scum think they're better, then, by Jesus, I'll give them an answer with

Tommy. Rest your tender eyes on the wall, missy, see that case, that's where Tommy lives. I take him down and clean him every night; he's a dear old pal o' mine, missy, we've messed together in many a ship."

"When those rats come aft," says the captain, "I walk on deck with Tommy. Get back, I say, get back, boys, get back. I'm master here, be getting back there, go on back you nigra boys."

"Nigras?" says Miss Annabel.

"I'se Southern man, missy," says the captain.

"Be stepping back, boys," says the captain, "I'm coming down there for you, so step back forrard and keep stepping back, boys, or, by Jesus, you'll be jumping in the scuppers."

"That's talking to them," says Miss Annabel. "Oh, that's lovely spieling. It's kindness to them," says Miss Annabel. "Oh, it's kindness to them."

"And he's a lovely captain, lady," says the doctor, "he's a lovely, dancing, daring, dashaway captain. Oh, he's a rollicking, rolling, clog-dancing, feet-foremost fellow of a captain. He's a jolly wally, Lord deliver us, England have my bones, of a Russian, Prussian, whaling, sailing, lovey-dovey, dapper doxy round-the-railings-of-a-captain," says the doctor.

"Call to me all my sad captains," says the captain.

"The old wound, eh, captain darling?" says the bosun.

"'Nuff said," says the captain, "tight furl and a following sea."

"I'm an old sailor, Miss Annabel, and a sad old sailor," says the captain. "Sails have flown across the bar and steam is here, ma'am. The captain's no longer a king, though the sea still beats on our hulls, ma'am, and the spray still slaps our faces. We're still on the bridge, ma'am, and the wheel is still in our hands, and while we steer we remember the old days. The old jokers, the dear old dodgers, all gone God knows, yet they still ride the seas with those that remember the trades. Cutaway, I say, you can't stop my memories; you can't stop Jolly Jack and Swordfish Joe from sailing with me in my thoughts. All the Merry Andrews, all the winking wags, all the happy sailormen, they're calling me, ma'am, they're calling me. I'm coming, Jack, I'm coming, Joe. Let go the hawser there, you fo'c'sle boy, I'm going now; you can't stop an old sailor from going to the sea. The ship's a-rolling and the wind's a-throwing spray. Here I come, you captains, here I come, make way for another old sailor."

"Good night, captain," says Miss Annabel.

"And a grand good night it is, ma'am," says the captain.

THE THEATRE

DESIGN FOR LIVING. By Noel Coward. Haymarket.

NORA. By Henrik Ibsen. Duke of York's.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER. By Oliver Goldsmith. Old Vic.

MISS JULIE. By August Strindberg. Westminster.

THE PLAYBOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD. By J. M. Synge. Mercury.

HOW wise, it would now appear, were the film adaptors of *Design for Living* to use so little of Mr. Coward's dialogue! The result was an uncommonly funny farce. None of the characters had time to parade a single theory of Art or Life. Gilda was asked only to look irresistible, to love two men with equal intensity, and to be incapable of living either with them or without them, not at all a tall order in farce. Her lovers were exceedingly lively puppets whose friendship groaned entertainingly under the strain of the woman's disconcerting impartiality, but they made no claim either to be liked or disliked. Had they slain each other, or the woman, we should not have felt they deserved to hang for their impetuosity. All is forgiven to clowns, if they are sufficiently humorous. We were invited only to laugh, and laugh we did.

At the Haymarket, where the same situation is presented in Mr. Coward's own words, we are in a less happy position. We laugh a good deal, but rather uneasily, as though in two minds, and this is not surprising since it is only too clear that the author himself is in two minds. His slick generalizations give Gilda and Otto and Leo an intellectual background of sorts. They are constantly on the point of explaining themselves in relation to the bourgeois conventions which they flout, but whenever they seem about to come to grips with their problem, Mr. Coward loses his satirical nerve and diverts the discussion into the smartly silly banter which seems to "date" the play. There is a long-drawn-out but extremely droll drinking scene, but the rest of the humour depends very largely on the joke of covering dull people with confusion by a brilliant display of rudeness, a cub newspaper reporter, a charwoman, and a witless American girl suffering most severely. The result is an entertainment which leaves us bored and slightly irritated when we are not laughing, and it is small satisfaction to reflect that the piece was probably put together as an entirely suitable vehicle for the Lunts and for Mr. Coward himself, who no doubt in New York made it seem no less brilliant than *Private Lives* seemed when it was played here by Miss Gertrude Lawrence and Mr. Coward. Miss Diana Wynyard, Mr. Rex Harrison and Mr. Anton Walbrook, good as they can be, are all in varying degrees miscast, and only Mr. Alan Webb as the humourless Ernest is perfectly suited to his task of turning a gleam of satire upon the irresponsibles.

It would be useless to pretend that time has made no difference to

Ibsen's dissection of marriage as it had come to be socially conceived and enforced at the time *A Doll's House* was written. Nora would look a little odd in modern dress, and we should wonder in what curious circumstances she came by so much ignorance. But presented as a child of her period mated with a man naturally convinced of the inferiority of women, she still holds the stage superbly, and the masterliness of Ibsen's storytelling has an easy triumph over what is ephemeral in his subject.

On the first night of the new production at the Duke of York's the pit was practically empty. I hope it is so no longer, for Miss Lucie Mannheim's performance of Nora was one of rare distinction. Her acting is a strange, highly individualized thing. It gets its effects by a succession of brilliant touches. She seems to stand back from the portrait she is painting, to let the attention she has seized go for the time being, confident of her power to regain it as soon as it suits her purpose. It was by this highly impressionistic method that she made clear her own extremely intelligent view of the Nora whose acceptance of her doll-like status is yet undisturbed. Now and then she seemed to slip into momentary obscurity, to be on but not of the stage, but each of her recoveries made good the ground thus lost, and her dancing of the tarantella was every bit as finely done as Miss Elisabeth Bergner's famous series of somersaults in somewhat similar circumstances. The end, Nora's resolve to leave home, husband and children, defeated Miss Mannheim, as it would be likely to defeat almost any actress to-day, and the production, elsewhere so good, here falters. Further excellent reasons for filling the pit in the theatre are Mr. John Abbott's precise and flawless playing of the luckless Rank and Mr. Austin Trevor's skilful handling of the by no means easy part of Torvald.

Masterpieces have indeed been plentiful this month. The Old Vic production of *She Stoops to Conquer* was entirely happy, with Miss Ursula Jeans an enchanting Kate and Mr. George Benson a first-rate Tony Lumpkin. At the Westminster a triple bill included Strindberg's *Miss Julie*, a disagreeable masterpiece in which none of our actresses seems sufficiently disagreeable to compass the despair as well as the love and remorse of Julie. Miss Ruth Lodge also was temperamentally unequal to her harsh task. And at the Mercury there is a delightful performance of *The Playboy of the Western World*, with Miss Maire O'Neill in good form as the Widow Quin, Miss Pamela Gibson keeping Pegeen clear of false sentiment, and Mr. Cyril Cusack acting the playboy neatly, though, it may be, taking too little joy in his own eloquence.

A. V. COOKMAN

MUSIC—MODERN TRIO

THE modern music which has been played at concerts and broadcast during the month of February has enabled the average musical man to do some useful stock-taking. Modern is of course a relative term. Of the three composers whose works I have in mind, Holst died in 1934, Berg in 1935 and Honegger is alive: yet I should say that Holst was the most modern. Berg was proud to feel himself in the Viennese tradition which ended, but for a purely neurotic hang-over, with the war: he transplanted the flowers of romanticism to the best dunned corner of a scientifically heated hot-house, where they blossom in a rather sinister profusion, but they are the same flowers as budded in *Freischütz* and bloomed in *Tristan*. Honegger (at least in his *King David*, written in 1921) reacted against the romantic decadence: but his reaction took the form of harking back to another, pre-romantic tradition which he adopted with the brilliant airs of a rather dandified cosmopolitan.

Holst's *Hymn of Jesus* is not 'modern' because it often combines several keys nor because it is free from romanticism or the reaction from romanticism. It is modern because Holst alone, of these three composers, found the answer to the fundamental question which must bother all serious artists to-day—the question which Mr. Stephen Spender has posed in the following words: ". . . Can [music] be a simple and accessible and unified social medium when society itself is so deeply divided and has so little common basis of understanding? And if one asks this question, one is asking not only about [music] but also about our society; can society have any living unity, any common spiritual life, any generally accepted [music] when men are so deeply divided in their material interests, their environment, their work, their ideas, their beliefs, that several different languages are, in effect, being spoken?" Now I suspect that Holst was less conscious of this dilemma than either Berg or Honegger: and that for that very reason (among others) he was able to *feel* his way to a solution where neither Berg nor Honegger could *think* of a successful answer.

That Holst's answer was religious is clear from the *Hymn of Jesus* and it is another characteristic which makes him 'modern.' The resolutions of all the disharmonies in modern life could, and can, only take place on the religious plane, not in the ivory towers of psycho-analysis (Berg) or archaism (Honegger). From the fascinating life of Holst by his daughter (published last year by the Oxford University Press) it seems that he had the good fortune to be born temperamentally in sympathy with the twentieth century. He was unaware, rather than intolerant, of conventionality and the enormous importance of individual prestige and satisfaction which conventionality implies; personally and artistically an ascetic; and—though in exactly what sense was not known even to those nearest to him—deeply religious. Certainly the merging of personality in some vast transcendental and supra-personal experience was part of his, as

of all, religion: and the genuineness of that experience, as opposed to that offered by modern political religions, Fascism, Communism and the like, is attested by the quality of his music. This was perhaps the secret of his passion, and his gift, for counterpoint, which is simply the combination of a number of individual 'voices' into a whole greater than the sum of its constituent parts, a characteristic which explains the contrapuntal nature of all the greatest religious music. Berg and Honegger exploit the individual, the one digging deep into those few strata of human personality which he found still unexpressed in music, the other preferring to remain on the surface and to depict the externals of his characters in their various situations. The analogy with painting is notoriously dangerous but it may possibly be illuminating here. Berg's *Wozzeck* and *Lulu* are galleries of portraits by Picasso (though the subjects might have been chosen by Toulouse-Lautrec): *King David* is a series of biblical frescoes, such as possibly Duncan Grant might have conceived: the *Hymn of Jesus* is something like a vast stained-glass window, decorative and significant in itself but still serving ultimately to illuminate a religion rather than as an end in itself.

Considered purely musically these three composers would do honour to any century in which they lived. Berg's technical mastery of Schoenberg's complicated formal principles is prodigious and the great bodies of sound with which he often seems to be working can be analysed into innumerable organically functioning tissues, which obey their creator's design as rigidly as those of the human body obey 'natural' laws. The body which they form is not always beautiful nor pleasing: but it is always significant, which is to say that it always expresses precisely the intention of its creator. Berg does not shrink from the psychopathic aspect of his characters, although he does not revel in it, as ununderstanding critics have maintained. Intensely emotional and sensitive in his private life, he found in the cold impartiality which Schoenberg inculcated in his pupils with regard to their artistic creations, an escape from the bitter-nesses and difficulties of ordinary life. Honegger, on the other hand, deploys his characters gaily and with obvious pleasure. His music is deliberately non-sensuous in its appeal: its style is one of naturally short periods, typical of the music written immediately after the war: and it has something of the deliberately spare and energetic rudeness typical of French Protestantism, a quality which is still occasionally discernible beneath the exquisite polish of Gide's prose. This quality is quite different from the genuine asceticism of Holst. The *Hymn of Jesus* would have delighted Flaubert, who would (or should) have found in Holst the perfect composer for the *Tentation de Saint Antoine*, a musician who really understood Gnosticism and Oriental religion. The *Hymn of Jesus* embraces great extremes of violence and delicacy but it is a complete artistic unity. The *Tantum ergo*, which occurs again and again throughout the work, acts as a kind of refrain and suggests, as it alternates with daring and brilliant choral passages, the timelessness of the religious emotion which is its basis.

MARTIN COOPER

FILMS

LE PATRIOTE. *French.*

LE JOUEUR D'ECHECS. *French.*

EDUCATION DE PRINCE. *French.*

STOLEN LIFE. *British.*

THE WARE CASE. *British.*

THE exceptional difficulty of making good historical films seldom seems to be realized by producers. Some licence in the creation of period atmosphere may be allowed, for no-one can tell exactly what the atmosphere should be. But one central problem is inescapable: how to relate the personal aspects of the story to a background of long-past events which must be explained and made quickly intelligible without too much detail. One of the merits of *Le Patriote* is that it meets this problem fairly, helped by a story—the eighteenth century conspiracy of ministers and officers to dethrone the half-mad Tsar Paul I—which falls easily into simple dramatic shape. Harry Baur's massive Tsar is perhaps a rather too formidable figure, but a memorably human one; and even more convincing, in some ways, is Pierre Renoir's Pahlen: here is a striking portrait of a reluctant revolutionary in whom no personal ambition lives. The film is finely mounted and photographed; a weakness, I think, is the indefinite behaviour of the Crown Prince, but all the other aspects of the conspiracy are handled with realistic insight. Maurice Tourneur's direction is indeed particularly successful in showing all the chancy little issues which such a conspiracy involves: can this person be trusted, were those words overhead, will that person arrive in time, who will gain the Tsar's ear at that awkward moment when his suspicions are bound to be either strengthened or set at rest?

Le Patriote is an effective historical drama because its clear-cut story and sombre background constantly strengthen one another. *Le Joueur d'Echecs*—another silent picture re-made—is much less effective because its story winds among episodes and motives imperfectly realized. The scene, again, is mainly Russia; this time the Russia of Catherine the Great (Françoise Rosay). A central character is Baron Kempelen (Conrad Veidt), an eccentric inventor of mechanical figures, who saves the life of a young Polish officer, wounded in an abortive insurrection, by hiding him inside a chess-playing automaton. There are some uncommonly graphic scenes—Kempelen dying in the snow beside his automaton while Catherine's envoy, ordered to search the inventor's home at Vilna, falls victim to a ring of mechanical swordsmen—the trouble, in spite of good acting, is lack of narrative driving power to weld all these bizarre events into a convincing dramatic pattern. After the mysterious atmosphere woven round the figure of Kempelen, it is somehow unsatisfying to find him destined, however heroically, for a Sydney Carton climax.

L'Education de Prince has a less exacting theme. A French oil-king, worried by incessant revolutions in the tiny republic where his

properties lie, hunts up a scion of the old ruling house, now living in genteel poverty with his mother in Paris, and employs a specialist in social niceties to train the young man as a candidate for the throne. His ambitious mother (Elvire Popesco) revels in this return to rank and fortune, but the son, a poetically minded law student in love with a tradesman's daughter, finds the whole process of acquiring princely deportment an incomprehensible bore. Louis Jouvet is in his most imperturbable form as the social specialist; Robert Lynen is natural and appealing as the young man; and the delicate business of building up a royal legend for the sake of oil dividends ought to be very amusing. Now and then it is, but what should be a subtly satirical story is somehow coarsened in the telling; human feeling and farcical invention fall apart into a disharmony which a fairy-tale ending tries in vain to heal.

If lately there have been signs of autumn in French production, British films give one a feeling more of frost-bound spring. Technical efficiency has risen to a very high level, but who is there to use it? *Stolen Life*—Elisabeth Bergner in the dual role of twin sisters in love with the same man—and *The Ware Case*—a charmingly extravagant baronet accused of murdering his wife's rich brother—are both pleasant to watch. Elisabeth Bergner's sensitive acting is less mannerized than usual; Michael Redgrave does well as the mountaineer hero; and Dr. Czinner's direction keeps the action in a quiet-voiced key which makes most American pictures seem very strident. And nothing could be more polished than Robert Stevenson's handling of *The Ware Case*; it moves swiftly and smoothly through a number of quite exciting situations and is admirably acted by all concerned, especially by Clive Brook as the baronet and Edward Rigby as a seedy bookmaker. But both stories are fairly preposterous, and neither has much to do with any problem familiar to most people—unless, like Sir Hubert Ware, you run a costly West End apartment, a large car and a country mansion and yet cannot think of any way to pay your tailor's bill. British film production is rather like a good many other aspects of British national life just now: the strength is there, but no-one seems to be able to speak the word of power which will give it enterprise and purpose.

CHARLES DAVY

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

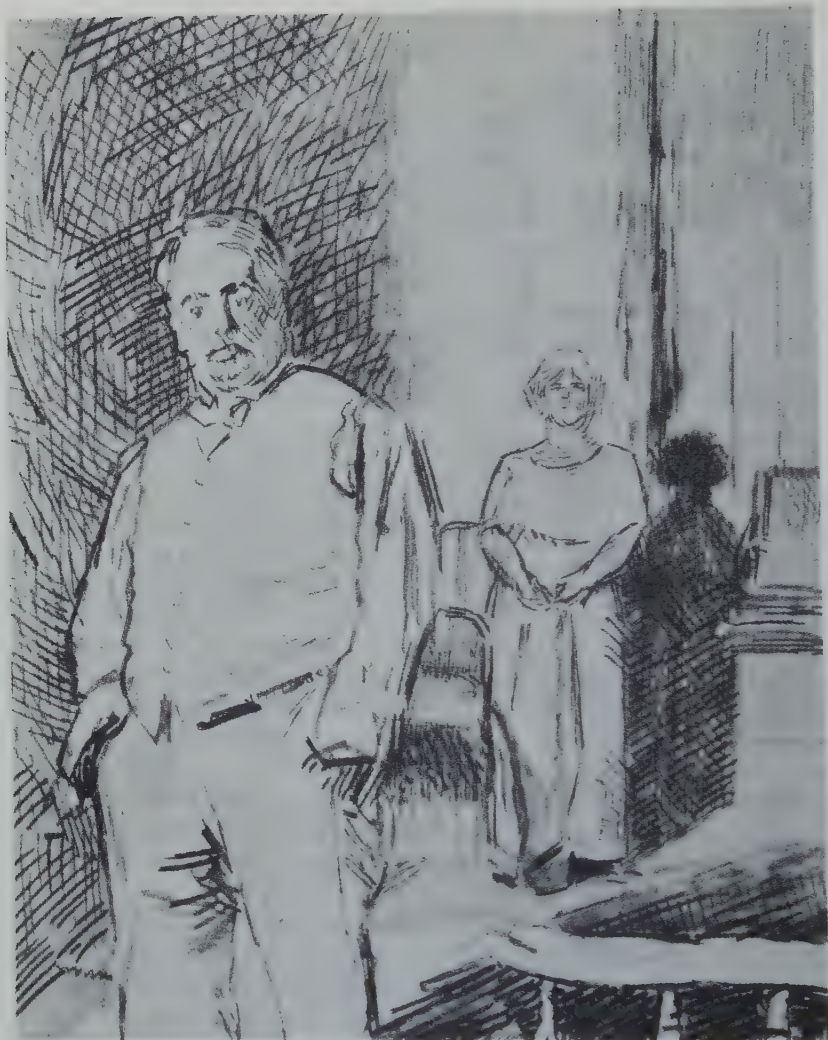
THE Exhibition of Modern French Bookbindings, which was held throughout last month at the First Edition Club, was certainly an invigorating affair, for it presented a number of problems of taste upon which, though they were probably insoluble, every visitor no doubt had the strongest views. I imagine there is no possibility of bridging the gap between English and French taste in matters of decoration, and the bindings exhibited included a number which anyone bred in, let us say, the tradition of Roger Payne would regard with unmitigated horror. Personally, I dislike brightly coloured leathers when they are used in combinations and in patterns which seem to bear no relation to—and even to disguise—the essential shape of a book. Indeed, I mistrust bookbindings which look like chocolate-boxes just as much as I do boxes which are disguised to look like books.

A glaring example in this exhibition was a binding by M. Paul Bonet which had three photographed faces inlaid on the front cover. This seemed to me to have nothing to recommend it, and I should have thought an inlay of paper (as it appeared to be) in a leather binding was hardly likely to wear well. Another binding, by M. G. G. Lewitsky, was inlaid with small pictures executed in mother-of-pearl and other materials—which, though doubtless more durable, struck me as just as messy and misconceived, æsthetically, as the other. Another binding was decorated with an embossed landscape with palm trees, and another with a view of the British Houses of Parliament; and in these cases the binders appeared to have been so interested in producing pictures out of an intractable material—to wit, leather—that they had disregarded the fact that the pictures produced were thoroughly bad ones, which would never have been tolerated in any more usual medium.

Indeed, in a good many instances, the bindings displayed showed (as I think so much French decorative art shows) a confusion of good craftsmanship with good design—for it must be said that the level of craftsmanship in this exhibition was very high. It is also fair to add that there were (if one started looking for them) a few extremely good and pleasing bindings. I liked particularly a pattern of intersecting gold and silver arcs on pale green leather, by Mlles Zipelius and Brillouin. M. Lewitsky (one of whose bindings I have taken the liberty of dispraising) also exhibited a very beautiful dark green binding with gilt tooling in small circles and larger serpentine loops. Another fine snake-like design was one in gold and red by M. Paul Bonet. But, as I have already hinted, perhaps the chief attraction of the exhibition was—to me—that it was one more bit of evidence of how national a thing taste is.

* * *

Volume 52 of *Book-Prices Current* (Witherby, 32s. 6d.) is now out



THE BEDROOM

by W. R. SICKERT

*from Messrs. Thos. Agnew's annual exhibition of drawings,
February 14—April 1*

and covers the sales held in London from October 1937 to July 1938 inclusive. In addition a large number of auctions which took place in New York during the same period, as, for instance, that of the library of the late Cortland F. Bishop, are also reported—a fact which adds greatly to the interest and value of the compilation. Among the English sales of the season were those of the Ham House and Schiff libraries and the later portions of that from Clumber. Further portions of the seemingly endless Philipps collection of manuscripts and of the Dickens collection of the Comte de Suzannet were also sold—so that the year provided plenty of material for an interesting and varied volume of records.

* * *

The latest issue (Volume III, New Series, Number 4) of *The Colophon* (229 West 43rd Street, New York, \$15 per annum) contains a closely reasoned article by Professor R. H. Griffith, of the University of Texas, who gives in great detail the argument in favour of the claim of a duodecimo edition of *The Dunciad* to be the first edition. This claim he put forward in his *Alexander Pope, a Bibliography*, in 1923. The late T. J. Wise, however, differed from Professor Griffith and maintained that an octavo edition was the first. The Professor is not always a very lucid writer, and his argument is, in any case, too intricate to be summarized here; but his article is important and should be read by everyone interested in the bibliography of Pope.

* * *

February 16 saw the reopening of the Warburg Institute in new premises, lent by the University of London, on the ground floor of Imperial Institute Buildings, South Kensington. This Institute, which was previously in Hamburg, came to London in 1933. Its object is to study the transmission of the classical tradition of ancient Greece and Rome down to our own times, and its effect on European art, literature, religion and science. Why I mention the Warburg Institute in these notes is that its library, consisting of 80,000 volumes, contains a very large number of volumes which are not elsewhere easily available to English scholars. Indeed, I believe that as much as 30 per cent of the collection consists of books not in the British Museum.

* * *

The third part of Volume I of the *Transactions* of the Edinburgh Bibliographical Society, which reached me not long ago, contains a paper by Mrs. E. B. Murrie on "The Printers and Publishers of English Song-Books, 1651-1702," to which is appended a hand-list which gives short-title entries of 304 books containing songs and arranged under the names of their printers. Mr. William Ruff gives a number of additions and corrections to his recently published *Bibliography of the Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott*.

I. A. WILLIAMS

ART—DEGREES OF SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS

REDFERN GALLERY, John, Innes, and Derwent Lees.

ALEX. REID & LEFÈVRE. L. S. Lowry.

MAYOR GALLERY. Henry Moore.

A BRIGHT moment in the history of English painting is recalled by the well-chosen exhibition at the Redfern Gallery of sketches by John, Innes, and Derwent Lees. In the summers of 1910-1914 the three young men met in the hills, and, happily still without suspicion that representation was a sin against art, they were content to note colours and forms as they appeared before their eyes. They were as little burdened by intellectual associations as by qualms about representation; nature gave them bountifully the material for their sketches, and in the sketches they saw pictures. John, though only 33, was already a master of his craft; Lees, at 23, a teacher at the Slade. Innes, two years younger, had passed through the Slade and already worked abroad.

Very few of John's sketches are properly landscapes; they are vivid colour-notes of attitude and costume. Except in Mr. Shearman's "Swanage" the figures are not set in the landscape, but against it as a background which serves to emphasize the suggestion of open air, but chiefly acts as a foil to the colour and design of their dresses and limbs. The markedly open-air character is given by the vividness of the fields of colour; nor have their harmonies lost their brilliance or their charm, although they no longer seem so daring as they did on their first appearance in the dark rooms of the old Chenil Gallery in King's Road.

It is said that John owed his brighter and solider colour to his association with Innes. Though by no means the naïve and untaught painter suggested by the prefatory note in the catalogue, Innes managed to retain through, or recover after, his student days a boldness of colour and design which sometimes fails to survive discipline in representation. The clouds in some of his sketches, the delicate harmonies of Sir M. Sadler's "Ronda" and the transparent glow of Mr. Clarke's "Collioure," show that he had from the first a sensitiveness and a power of observation which should have served him well had he lived to produce more ambitious work. As it was, however, he acted like one type of Sunday painter and exaggerated colour and design to the sacrifice of all else. He may already have come under the influence, directly or indirectly, of Gauguin. Certainly this shows itself in the over-hot colouring and insensitive flat use of pigment in his latest pictures of southern scenery. These are too often mere self-conscious, almost stagey, decorations, but even so, they came as a salutary influence in England in counteracting the tendency towards indeterminateness in colour and disregard of design. If John owes

something to Innes for the release of his sense of colour, he certainly did good service by encouraging in his junior a quality which he seems to have regarded as *naïveté*.

L. S. Lowry at the Lefèvre Galleries, a visitor from Lancashire who is more than welcome to London, might also appear to some to be a kind of "naïf or original." In fact, his paintings must be the product of much thought, constant observation and complete mastery of his formula or convention. His little panels of city scenes are sharp-cut mental reconstructions of reality, composed of well-observed and thoroughly digested effects of incident and atmosphere, and for that reason they are even more impressive than realistic renderings. The figures are admirably disposed for decoration; and the dominant blacks which sometimes suggest silhouettes rather than pictures are in the main justified as summarizing and emphasizing the murk and emptiness of the scene. His little people have not much movement, but they loaf and slouch convincingly; and they fall automatically and inevitably into casual groups around the drab incidents—a removal, an accident, or a procession—of life in a crazy slum or sordid streets among huge warehouses. At times the distant buildings seem hollow façades instead of vast piles shrouded in smoke; but there are also vistas of cliff-like tenements as solid and as devastating as is the livid water in a pool, which, in another picture, has flooded the blackness of waste ground or surface workings. But always there is humour and a kind of fondness behind the ungenial folk and townscape. The likeness to the Brueghels is obvious both in vision and in method, and it should be remembered that gabled houses and rotten thatch were common and sordid enough in their time, and as little romantic as are Lowry's factories and mean rows of dwelling-houses to-day.

Mastery of his convention is even more marked in Henry Moore's attractive drawings at the Mayor Gallery, but it is by no means the convention or mastery of a sculptor as the title "Drawings for Sculpture" suggests. Many of them are not even studies in light and shade but merely in variations of tone. Some when seen at a distance suggest effects of lighting for a stage or puppet show, with the figures more or less clearly indicated as they emerge from limelight or through a fog. In others the waste products of the factory or studio debris are seen in the round, but not for their own sake as a sculptor might conceive his figures but as part of a highly artificial and self-conscious setting. No doubt the shapes or shapelessnesses required great trouble for their fashioning, but the exercise of his intelligence by the observer in trying to unravel the particular purpose of each curve or protuberance in the design is no more an aesthetic experience than the recognition of natural features. The sense of superiority to the vulgar interest in representation may be flattered, but, unfortunately for this, there are far too many reminiscences of more or less human forms.

PAUL OPPÉ

ART EXHIBITIONS

THE PROGRAMME FOR MARCH

At the **NEW BURLINGTON GALLERIES**, 4 Burlington Gardens, on March 10, an exhibition entitled "A Century of French Caricature, 1750-1850, with Some English Caricatures of the Napoleonic Period," will be opened by H.E. the French Ambassador. It has been organised by the Anglo-French Art and Travel Society. Simultaneously with this exhibition, which will remain open until April 6, and to supplement it, an exhibition of caricature drawings has been arranged in the Print Room of the **BRITISH MUSEUM**.

An exhibition of "Road Architecture" will be held at the **R.I.B.A.**, 66 Portland Place, this month. It will be accompanied by a documentary film, "Roads Across Britain."

The Exhibition of Venetian Paintings and Drawings, which is being held at the **MATTHIJSSEN GALLERY**, 142 New Bond Street, in aid of Lord Baldwin's Fund for Refugees, will remain open until Easter.

At the **DELIUS GIESE GALLERY**, 2 Bennet Street, an exhibition of Baroque art will continue throughout this month.

Messrs. **AGNEW'S**, 43 Old Bond Street, Annual Exhibition of Water-Colour and Pencil Drawings, from which the drawing by W. R. Sickert at p. 537 is taken, will remain open until April 1.

On March 10, Messrs. **WILDENSTEIN**, 147 New Bond Street, will open their annual exhibition of Contemporary English Paintings.

A number of exhibitions of abstract paintings will be held this month, of which the most important is that of recent paintings by Pablo Picasso at the **ROSENBERG AND HELFT GALLERIES**, which will continue until April 1.

Messrs. **REID AND LEFÈVRE**, 1a King Street, have paintings and reliefs by Ben Nicholson, and abstract paintings by nine British artists, from March 3-25.

The **GUGGENHEIM JEUNE GALLERY**, 30 Cork Street, has two abstract painters, Charles Howard and John Tunnard, from March 15, and the **LONDON GALLERY**, 28 Cork Street, F. MacWilliam, a sculptor, from March 2-16.

The **Camden Town Group**, including Messrs. Sickert, Spencer Gore, J. B. Manson, Ginner, Lucien Pissarro, Bevan, and others, will have an exhibition this month at the **REDFERN GALLERY**, 20 Cork Street.

"Contrasts and Affinities : Four Centuries of Flower Painting," will be the title of Messrs. **TOOTH'S** exhibition, March 16-April 6, at 155 New Bond Street.

At the **STAFFORD GALLERY**, 13 St. James's Place, Vladimir and Elizabeth Polunin will have an exhibition until March 18, and after that Frederick Gore and Leon Holman will show recent paintings, and Soukop, sculpture.

The work of a modern Chinese painter, Ch'ih-Pai-Shih, painting in China, will be shown from March 10 at the **CALMANN GALLERY**, 42 St. James's Place.

Paintings by Augustin Booth will be shown at the **NICHOLSON GALLERY**, 45 St. James's Place, until March 13, and after that paintings and water-colours by E. J. Ardizzone.

At the **STORRAN GALLERY**, 5 Albany Courtyard, there will be exhibitions of paintings from March 15 by Henning Nyberg and John Souter-Robertson.

The **LEICESTER GALLERIES** will show on March 16, paintings by recently deceased French artists.

A show of paintings by Marquet at the **LEGER GALLERY**, 13 Old Bond Street, will remain open until March 11.

Water-colours by Edwin John, will be shown at the **BEAUX ARTS GALLERY**, 1 Bruton Place, together with drawings by Adela Coit.

At the **MAYOR GALLERY**, 19 Cork Street, paintings by John Lake will be shown for three weeks from March 1.

Until March 18 at the **BROOK STREET ART GALLERY**, 14 Brook Street, there will be an exhibition of landscape and flower paintings by Hervey Adams, and after the 20th recent colour sketches by R. O. Dunlop, with drawings by W. R. Sickert and Augustus John.

PICTURE HIRE, 56 Brook Street, has recent paintings by Eric O'Dea until March 11. After that an exhibition of drawings by the students of Mr. John Skeaping's Zoo Class will be held in this gallery.

The **COOLING GALLERY**, 92 New Bond Street, has exhibitions by Maude Bernard from March 13-25, and Mary MacMullen from March 14-27.

The **GOUPIL GALLERY**, 3-5 Burlington Gardens, will show from March 3-25 places and personalities by Beryl Trist.

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NEW LITERATURE

THE WORDSWORTH LETTERS COMPLETED

By Edmund Blunden

THE LETTERS OF WILLIAM AND DOROTHY WORDSWORTH. The Later Years. Edited by E. de Selincourt.

3 Vols. *Oxford University Press*. £3 3s.

When after an interval of thirty years Leigh Hunt met the elderly Wordsworth, he found him as a man far more attractive than before, and he noted "a gallant bearing, curiously reminding me of the Duke of Wellington." On a general comparison of the latest volumes of correspondence in Professor de Selincourt's excellent edition with the others, Leigh Hunt's impressions appear to have been right. It may be that after 1820 Wordsworth's poetry dwindled into a harmless metrical diversion, but his personality grew into a certain greatness, and his letters represent it. The "curious" suggestion about the Duke of Wellington is in them too; like the soldier, the poet shows a masterly decorum, a willingness to take people seriously—with just a faint hint of slyness—and a remarkable shrewdness. Generosity is here, restrained by self-protection; for, like the Duke, Wordsworth was "much exposed to authors."

Of Wellington's finesse as a letter-writer nothing more need be said on this occasion; but he had a rival in Wordsworth now that the poet was comfortably established as the Duke of Rydal Mount or Parnassus. It has been recorded and is true enough that Wordsworth hated writing letters; yet, once he had abandoned hope so far as to launch out on one, he could show a kind of enjoyment and a mixture of dignity and dexterity in the business. His skill appears in the letters to middling or pompous writers who pursued him; his acknowledgments to them are worth close attention. One

of the swarm, Alaric "Attila" Watts, sent him, among other great writers, his impotent volume "Poetical Sketches." The letter from Rydal Mount exhibits all courtesy, benevolence, and a quiet evasiveness: "Dear Sir,—On my return home, after a prolonged absence, I found upon my table your little volume and accompanying letter, for both of which I return you sincere thanks. The letter written by my sister upon their arrival does not leave it less incumbent on me to notice these marks of your attention. Of the poems I had accidentally a hasty glance before; I have now perused them at leisure, and notwithstanding the modest manner in which you speak of their merits, I must be allowed to say that I think the volume one of no common promise, and that some of the pieces are valuable, independent of such consideration. . . . Let me point out the thirteenth stanza of the first poem as—with the exception of the last line but one—exactly to my taste, both in sentiment and language. . . . It cannot but be gratifying to me to learn from your letter that my productions have proved so interesting; and as you are induced to say, beneficial. . . ."

In this era of his life, with his work mostly done and his position growing stronger by many signs, Wordsworth seems not to have strained to be in touch with the changes of literature. He only mentions Dickens once in the letters; Thackeray escapes even such a mention. Browning has one: "Miss Barrett, I am pleased to learn, is so much recovered as to have taken to herself a husband. Her choice is a very able man, and I trust that it will be a happy union, not doubting that they will speak more intel-

ligibly to each other than (notwithstanding their abilities) they have yet done to the public." The name of Alfred Tennyson occurs here and there, but only once is the significance of that name specified: "We have also a respectable show of blossom in poetry. Two brothers of the name of Tennyson, in particular, are not a little promising." But Wordsworth is perfectly calm and reasonable on this inactivity of his, and as usual he supplies a discussion of himself and leaves his critics a little disgruntled.

"For many reasons connected with advanced life,"—so he writes to the younger de Vere in 1842—"I read but little of new works either in prose or verse. Rogers says of me, partly in joke and partly in earnest . . . 'I read no poetry now but my own' . . . My good old friend ought to have added that if I do read my own, it is mainly, if not entirely, to make it better." And he adds a passage on the fixed notions of authors grown old.

Some of the later letters, and especially those to Alexander Dyce, display the unusual power and knowledge that Wordsworth possessed as a student of earlier English literature. He reveals himself in the potential form of an editor and biographer of James Thomson, and an anthologist of British poetesses. But the eye trouble which is so frequently mentioned in the correspondence must have repressed that tendency towards research and textual detective work. In painting, Wordsworth

was a learned and careful observer also. Altogether the letters yield much incidental criticism and it could be wished that when "applied to to give lectures upon Poetry in a public institution in London" (1837) the poet had taken the chance to collect and complete his ideas on the arts in general. His modesty was deeper than is sometimes assumed.

These letters, including many of Dorothy's though not her best, form a pleasing and extensive book for rainy

days, with their variety of topics, from the Reform Bill to "the Mesmeric mania," and their many settings—for Wordsworth travelled at home and abroad with great eagerness. Occasionally the Distributor of Stamps peeps in delightfully: "Will you excuse my expressing a wish that you would procure the Conveyance Stamp through my son William, at Carlisle—Solicitors in cases of so large a purchase

often interfere, to prevent, for the sake of a small benefit of their own, the Distributor of Stamps and his Sub-getting their regular profit." One business letter, which E. V. Lucas was prompted "by the Spirit of Mischievousness" to publish long ago, has escaped the net: it is the one to Mr. Lloyd in which the poet who protested so handsomely against a Kendal and Windermere railway is seen seeking advice about the investment of £500 in railway shares. The editor has missed very little, and the total work is obviously a model of its kind.



JUPITER (J. T. Delane) AND JUNO
(P. W. Dasey) (from "The Mask," 1868)
Illustration from "History of The Times,"
Vol. II

UNDER DELANE

By Herbert Sidebotham

THE HISTORY OF *THE TIMES*. Vol.

II: The Tradition Established, 1841-1884. *Times*. 15s.

The Second Volume of *The Times* History covers the period of Delane's editorship, which began in 1847 and ended with his death in 1879, and the appointment of Chenery as his successor. Chenery was the least distinguished of *The Times* editors, though he was a learned man and a fine Oriental scholar. Delane was neither a scholar nor a writer. Hardly a column of copy went into *The Times* without his making some mark on it, but it is doubtful whether this best-known and most characteristic of *Times* editors ever wrote a leader or a whole column of his own. Between Barnes, the possibly greater though less famous editor who preceded him, and Delane, there was an interregnum in which John Walter II seems to have been his own editor, and it was only gradually that Delane succeeded to the position which he adorned for so long. There are two sorts of editors, the recluses who are hardly known outside their offices, and the diners-out who make it their business to be in touch with important personages both in politics and society. Delane belonged to the second class, as Chenery and Barnes belonged to the first. *The Times*, largely owing to the great ability of Barnes, had established a leading position amongst English newspapers, which Delane strengthened and confirmed, but no one could have prophesied his success when he was first appointed. As a young man he was conspicuous less for acquired knowledge than for quickness of natural talents, and he enjoyed bodily exercise far more than study. His distinguishing quality was his powers of intuition. A bare hint symbolizing little or nothing to most

men would send Delane's mind scurrying to find the sequel. To the end Delane's faculties were all of the practical order. He joined *The Times* at the age of twenty-three, and long before he died Palmerston declared, in answer to his critics, that his friendship with Delane could not be counted as a criticism and should rather be welcomed as a tribute. Quite early Lord Aberdeen became his friend, and was always ready to give him political information, and later Lord Granville and Lord Clarendon were added to his friends. They used him, of course, for their own purposes, but he never forfeited his independent judgment of affairs. Cobden thought it a scandal that an editor should dine with Cabinet Ministers, Ambassadors and officials. How things have changed!

When Delane succeeded to the editorship, *The Times* was the only newspaper of importance. But long before he retired it had had to face serious competition. *The Times* was probably at the zenith of its fame at the time of the Crimean War. In 1855 the Stamp Duty was repealed, the first number of the *Daily Telegraph*, sold for twopence, came out in that year, and was followed later by the *Daily News* and the *Standard*. The *Daily News* reduced its price from threepence to a penny in 1868, and during the Franco-Prussian War its circulation rose to 150,000 a day or two-and-a-half times the circulation of *The Times*. That *The Times*, faced with this new and severe competition, refused to modify its principles was due in principal measure to the influence of John Walter. He asked himself what it was that gave significance to *The Times* and what was the distinction about it that was best worth preserving, and came to the conclusion that a *Times* that was

not worth threepence was not worth producing.

Yet in fact *The Times*, except in appearance, was not conspicuously better, and certainly no better written, than some of its rivals. If Russell, who was its correspondent in the Crimean War, brought fame to *The Times*, he was clearly beaten by Archibald Forbes of the *Daily News* in the Franco-Prussian War.

What, then, was the "tradition" which, as the sub-title of this volume has it, was "confirmed" under Delane? The word frequently used to describe it, "independence," itself stands in need of exacter definition. Delane was frequently dependent on his friends both for his information and, to the extent that information colours opinion, for his opinions too. He was not a man who had any firm hold of political principles, and a few prejudices apart, that was natural to his time and circumstance, his habit was always to consider every subject on its merits without reference to any theory of politics. He frequently went badly wrong and never more conspicuously than during the American Civil War. Nor was this by any means Delane's only mistake. Russell's comparative failure in the Franco-Prussian War was largely due to the instructions from *The Times* which counted on a rapid invasion of Germany by the French Emperor.

The independence on which Delane prided himself was certainly not a freedom from prejudice, and still less did it imply a persistent advocacy of an idea which he believed to be sound, in the face of hostile opinion. No man held more clearly than Delane to the view that the function of a newspaper was to interpret the opinion of its readers, not to ram its own opinion down their throats. The tradition which *The Times* justly says was confirmed in these years under Delane was one of independence of mere party ties. It often expressed a party view with great bitterness but

never because it was a party view. The other element in the tradition was extreme conscientiousness in its presentation of facts. Nothing was good enough for journalism but the best that a journalist could give. In that regard no editor ever had better support from the proprietor than Delane had from John Walter. The influence of Mowbray Morris, manager of *The Times*, during twenty-six years of Delane's editorship was perhaps responsible for many of *The Times's* mistakes during the American Civil War, for Morris had been brought up in the West Indies in the same atmosphere as the Southern States. But Delane made no mistakes about India. The denunciation in *The Times* of "clemency Canning" during the Mutiny was made during one of Delane's temporary absences. Granville once noted that *The Times* was apt to go "a little out of its mind" when Delane was on holiday.

Not the least interesting chapter in a volume both candid and judicious, properly proud but by no means uncritical, is that on Reviewers. *The Life of P. T. Barnum* is given six columns, but *Wuthering Heights* was never reviewed, and *Jane Eyre* was never mentioned, until *Shirley* was reviewed, as "At once the most high-flown and the stalest of fictions." Meredith's *Richard Feverel* had three columns, and was defended as "not impure" against Mudie's ban. Dickens occasionally got it hot. *The Cricket on the Hearth*, for example, was "a twaddling manifestation of silliness almost from the first page to the last," but Dickens was in good company. Tennyson's *Maud* was badly slated. *The Times* critic was furious with "these poets hiding themselves in holes and corners and weaving interminable cobwebs out of their own bowels." Not until the *Idylls of the King* did Tennyson come into his own, or rather into a good deal more than his own, for the *Idylls* was described as the greatest thing done since *Paradise Lost*.

REARMAMENT IN UTOPIA

By V. S. Pritchett

THE HOLY TERROR. By H. G.

Wells. *Michael Joseph*. 8s. 6d.

Mr. Wells is like the newspapers; he comes out too often. The eye becomes jaded by news read two or three times already with only a tit-bit added. True, the secret of success in propaganda is to go on repeating the same idea in a different way; and Mr. Wells is the greatest propagandist of our time. But on the subject of our progress to the World State his propaganda has reached the point of satiety. And what is it Mr. Wells really wants? Escape, without bother, from the present? Violence? The undercurrent of violence in his work is its most disturbing feature; he is against the planned hates, but he likes to flirt with an immaculate, optimistic anarchy which appears with all the sinister but redeeming power of primitive magic; it comes down spectacular from Mars, suddenly like Jehovah's fire from heaven; or simply, no one knows how it begins. He hates war, of course; but only nineteenth century bureaucratic war, which is stupid in method and does not get "results." After a stupid war, a stupid peace. Better a bomb from Mars; for in the new Wellsian scripture the Holy Ghost has a strong whiff of gelignite about it.

Of course, we know that Mr. Wells does not want to be tied down, that he is all for general outlines and has an unscientific dislike of detail. It is the prophet-propagandist's right. Beer is Best—not his to ask how much beer is best. But when I pick up this new novel forecasting the bloody history of the next twenty years, I suspect Mr. Wells' dislike of definition. Rud, the young, lower-middle-class man who steals Fascists from the incompetence of Fascism and its gimcrack English leadership, is the holy terror—or wholly terrified, for he

is a tough, neurotic, bawling from birth with fear, hate and egomania—who is going to lead the Anglo-American revolt of the Average Man of Common Sense against the war-mongering of the old order. Rud sounds good first of all, though a boor: "I am uncomplicated, uncovenanted, unrestricted common man." The next phrase is not so good: "Stalin thought he was, but I *know* I am." Alas, they all *know*. Hitler *knows*. He has merely to consult his blood stream. We are back among the witchcraft of the shirt, the Nordic myth and the Ku Klux Klan; but I suspect that this is what is always meant by Common Sense when it is used as a stick to whack the intellectuals.

There is a nice old doctor in the story who represents Mr. Wells' liberal beliefs and he incarnates that sometimes urbane, sometimes rabid, but always refreshing pessimism and anti-dogmatic irony which went to the writing of the opening chapters of *Tono Bungay*. This is the sound part of Mr. Wells, the non-journalistic, the humane. For to be humane a writer must have at least one foot, and preferably both feet, in the tragic view of human destiny. On what grounds, asks the doctor, do we regard civilized and peaceful life as the normal life of man? Because we have had such a period, perhaps we have been misled by it. Violence, the struggle of the brute to survive, is the normal. Civilization is a flower in a cemetery. These salutary reflections have led Mr. Wells to criticize his pocket Napoleon. Hence Rud, at the top of his power, gets Cæsar delusions and has to be quietly put away, on neo-Borgia lines, by the scientists. Has civilization returned? I do not know but, avuncular and blandly professional, the World State beams upon us all; and science once more holds its watch to

man's childish ear, to delight it with the tick.

As fiction *The Holy Terror* is long-winded and tedious for all the polemical brilliance. The absence of women makes the story dry, and only a perfunctory attempt has been made to make the people human. Large matters, like the wars of the Forties, are largely treated as hearsay and sound like it. The topical politics, the contemporary libels and the ridicule are pungent. Mr. Wells is clever

with vicious headlines. Phrases like "the Anglican Empire," England as "Hush Hush Land," sentences like "Rud had studied the self-exposures of Hitler and Mussolini very carefully and there survives no portrait of him with his mouth open," are at the heights of Mr. Wells' fantastic venom. The beginning of the book is the best of his comedy, the withering comicalness of a hurt and eloquent clowning. Mr. Wells is a novelist of superb beginnings.

THE GENTLE ART?

By David Thomson

DIPLOMACY. By Harold Nicolson. *Thornton Butterworth. 5s.*

Diplomacy, as Sir Ernest Satow remarked, is "the application of intelligence and tact to the conduct of official relations between the Governments of independent States." Mr. Nicolson accepts this description, adding that the essence of diplomacy is "common sense and charity applied to international relations." Historically the diplomatist's ancestors are the herald, whose qualification was a loud voice; the orator, who had to be a skilled advocate; and finally the trained observer of foreign conditions. Two fairly distinct conceptions of the nature of diplomacy have prevailed in modern times. The "warrior" theory makes for power-politics, and is concerned chiefly with national prestige, precedence and glamour. The "shop-keeper" theory makes for profit-politics, and is preoccupied with appeasement, conciliation, compromise. By 1815 modern nation-states had acquired Diplomatic Services, involving a separate profession with its own hierarchy, rules and conventions. Mr. Nicolson's main thesis is that diplomacy is a separate craft—a branch of State-craft—with a skill and a technique of its own.

The seven diplomatic virtues, according to Mr. Nicolson, are truthfulness,

precision, calm, good temper, patience, modesty and loyalty. The worst kinds of diplomatists, therefore, are missionaries, fanatics and lawyers. The best kind is the reasonable and humane sceptic. The reputation enjoyed by the diplomatic services of France and Britain depends largely upon the skill of these countries in selecting such men.

Germany and Italy have clung to the "warrior" theory of diplomacy. To the German, diplomacy is a military manoeuvre. Force, or the threat of force, are the main instruments of negotiation. It is more important to beget fear than to inspire confidence. But Italy's diplomacy is, in a sense, the opposite of this. She combines the aspirations of a Great Power with the methods of a Small Power. Instead of basing diplomacy on power, she bases power on diplomacy. And her diplomacy is based upon incessant manoeuvre. Her aim is a subtle balance of power, with Italy in a position to tip the scale. This idea of a balance of power is different from the British, which is rather opposition to any power liable to dominate Europe. The sections in which Mr. Nicolson discusses these various types of European diplomacy are the best in the book.

Equally valuable is the discussion of the drawbacks to the conference system

of negotiation. Mr. Nicolson—who has been both a diplomatist and a politician—clearly prefers the diplomatists to negotiate rather than the politicians. The politicians are not precise or methodical. And precision is the essence of successful negotiation. Conferences and meetings of politicians are attended by great expectancy at home. There is a further difficulty at a general conference which Mr. Nicolson might well have considered here, for it was the bugbear of the League Assemblies; I mean political speeches made primarily for home consumption. The "State occasion" is not the best moment to get a precise and ratifiable agreement.

There is need now for a sequel to this book from an equally competent pen—or even from the same pen; a book which shall carry still further the consideration of some of the immensely important and more controversial issues raised here. Is it desirable that public opinion in democracies should find more direct expression in foreign affairs? If so, how? (I am inclined to think that Mr. Nicolson distinguishes too clearly between policy and negotiation.) Can diplomacy of "shopkeeper" appeasement and compromise succeed against the "warrior" diplomacy of ruthless national aggression? How precisely and inevitably does a State's diplomacy reflect its internal structure and policy?

The difficulty for democracy is that it is not at all true that "travel broadens the mind." It may only harden the head. As the author remarks, "the fact that some impatient policeman may have pushed or prodded Effie that day at Schaffhausen may well render Effie's parents 'anti-German' for life."

The book is full of much wit and wisdom, and is written with that polish natural to the diplomat. I see that "diplomat," in the glossary is defined as "an abbreviation, frequently used by politicians, journalists and illiterate persons, of the word 'diplomatist.'" I shall continue to use it at times, nevertheless.

AE

AE'S LETTERS TO MÍNANLÁBÁIN.

With an Introduction by Lucy Kingsley Porter. *Macmillan*. 8s. 6d.

These letters, written mostly to the late Kingsley Porter, reveal AE at his ripest. They contain all the kindness of the man as he looks back over his full life of actions and words.

Those words might have been so formidable, like those of Coleridge. Mrs. Porter, in a long preface which touches poignantly on the sudden death of her husband, describes how difficult that flow of words could be when the régime of a household stood in its way. "When dinner was announced we invited him in. He would not come, neither would he stop talking. As there was no end to a paragraph I could not break in. The soup got cold on the table. The household became restive. They made violent signs behind his back for me to stop him. But AE, all unconscious, talked on. At this point Kingsley saved the situation and the dinner by sauntering off with AE, who still under full steam continued his conversation."

And he continues it in these letters, touching on everything under the sun—and the moon. Fairies, folklore, his latter-day lecture-tour in America, the inevitable topic of the Irish Literary Revival, and finally on the death of his friend Kingsley Porter. He had a great gentleness toward death.

Again and again he strikes a bright thought on history, or letters. Here is an example. "I have been reading the 'Education of Henry Adams.' He ought to have had some of Emerson's cheerful conviction that he was God himself and it would have made Adams a great man. He would never have become God quite but he would have come near the stature of an Archangel like Emerson and talked like one maybe, as Emerson sometimes did." How they valued talk in those days!

RICHARD CHURCH

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE NAZI MEDAL

By Stephen Spender

EXPRESSIONISM IN GERMAN LIFE, LITERATURE AND THE THEATRE, 1910-1924. By Richard Samuel and R. Hinton Thomas. *Heffer*. 10s. 6d.

Scholars of the future, researching into post-war German literature, will discover in some cellar underneath the imposing parthenon friezes of Stefan George and the florid pyramids and tombs of the Third Reich, a Chamber of Horrors devoted to the movement known as Expressionism. Here all is waxwork, realistic in form, dressed in clothes all the more sinister for being real, but painted in horrifying colours. Reality is sordid and vicious enough, but beyond that there is the nightmare. A bank clerk, with the soul of a poet, searches through the glimmering City of Modernism for Woman. He finds a woman, who is a prostitute, but when he undresses her, she has a wooden leg. This is to show that she is all part of the Machine Age. Meanwhile houses have bilious complexions, lovers meet in cemeteries, the wicked Bank Manager triumphs, and the whole scene is carried on to the accompaniment of the false deceptive hymn tunes of the Salvation Army, part of whom, dressed in their uniforms, sit in the audience.

The utmost degradation is combined with the utmost sentimentality in the way that only the Germans know how. Violence is all, these artists say; though, to their credit, they hate real violence. And the scholar will be overwhelmed, wondering which is the more putrefied—the subjects of the art, or the art itself.

I may say that this is only my impression of Expressionism after a certain experience of it, and after reading as much as I could of this book. Really, the original article is much duller than I have made it out to be. Mr. Richard

Samuel, and Mr. R. Hinton Thomas have written the obituary notice of this sensational movement. Their book, except in patches, is unreadable, for it consists of endless accounts of unknown plays and poems. At the beginning of each chapter a kind of hare is started, the pursuit of which might be interesting; but it does not materialize, for after a few paragraphs in which some attempt is made to link up the phenomenon of expressionism with the post-war German background, the pursuit is abandoned, and the authors get down to their job of drawing up lists of names and paraphrases of lurid and humourless plots. For example, the opening of the fourth chapter affords a slight gleam of hope:

"During the first ten years of the century German literature in general evaded reality rather than faced its problems. Consequently little attention was paid to social and political questions. Yet, as has been noted in the Introduction, a strong criticism of society asserted itself in the work of certain forerunners of Expressionism.

"Besides these writers there were two men in whose work . . ."

Then we are off again via Rilke and Richard Dehmel to Lissauer, Heim, Becher, etc., etc.

Whistling to keep their courage up, the authors introduce the names of such writers as Rilke and George frequently enough, although they had no real connection with expressionism. On page 17, expressionist elements are discovered in D. H. Lawrence, T. S. Eliot, Rhys Davies and myself. For my part I repudiate the suggestion.

The discerning reader may feel that the menacing, violent, empty and ineffective gestures of the Expressionists in Germany were one side of a medal which had an even more sinister reverse—the Nazi Revolution.

UNDERWORLD

By Graham Greene

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY. By W. Somerset Maugham. *Heinemann*. 7s. 6d.

The reviewing of Mr. Maugham's new novel is an ungrateful task to anyone who, like myself, feels a strong admiration for the author of *Cakes and Ale* and *Ashenden*. . . . This story of a young man—Charley Mason—of wealthy bourgeois parents who is sent to Paris by his father for a Christmas holiday (with a sly embarrassing understanding that he shall have "a good time") and there comes in contact with an unknown violent way of life in the shape of a murderer's Russian wife atoning for his crime in a brothel while her husband serves his sentence in Cayenne, this story is not only unconvincing and slackly written, it is terribly revealing.

Mr. Maugham's great asset in the past has been his reserve; his stories have nearly always been told ironically from the outside, and if his characters have sometimes behaved sentimentally or melodramatically, we have had the satisfaction of smiling at them with the author: we have not been ducked ourselves into their warm world of exaggerated emotion. So prepared are we for this attitude that we begin to read *Christmas Holiday* without more discomfort than is caused by frequent clichés (they are often to be found embedded in Mr. Maugham's roughcast style when his interest is not fully engaged). Then we encounter Simon, an old school friend of Charley's, now a young Left-wing journalist in Paris who is training himself by all kinds of self-denial for revolution, and we read; "At fleeting moments his face had a sort of tortured beauty, not a beauty of feature but the beauty of a restless, striving spirit. A disturbing thing about him was that there was no gaiety in his smile, it was a sardonic grimace." We believe, of course, that the

observer is preparing for our cruel amusement a figure of fun—the awkward age: but as we read further a gloomy conviction grows on us that the author's attitude is not ironic at all. By the time we reach the big scene at the end of the book when Simon says with breaking voice, "You're the only friend I've ever had," and Charley says, "Oh, Simon, why d'you make yourself so unhappy?" and Simon hits Charley hard, we have known for a long while that weep—and we weep together, but laugh—and we laugh alone.

It is Simon who gives Charley tickets for *Midnight Mass* at St. Eustache, taking him first to a brothel. This is only one example of the odd ignorance of human feeling—which reads like want of taste—in the whole plan of the book. Why go from the brothel to *Midnight Mass*? Such a choice could be justified only if characters or observer gave it point—if it was one of the values of the story, but in the case of *Christmas Holiday* you feel the author is just blissfully unaware that even Charley might find it odd. The two things have come together through the mechanical workings of the plot, the plot which demands that Charley shall spend his whole holiday with the prostitute Lydia—innocently, listening to her story and occasionally remembering what a good time the rest of his family will be having now. When we remember the huge technical skill of *Cakes and Ale*, it is incredible that this simple device of a story within a story should be so maladroitly handled. "Did you get on well with your mother-in-law?" Charley will ask and be answered in a page and a half of solid type until one begins to dread the appearance of a question mark. Perhaps it is too much to expect the inner story to come alive inside so dead a carcass: it remains an unconvincing anecdote expressed in clichés of extraor-

dinary grotesqueness. "A few weeks later Lydia knew that she was with child and she realized with horror that she had received the fertilizing seed on the very night of the brutal murder."

I said the book was revealing—revealing, I meant, of what Mr. Maugham's previous detachment had spared us—the personal emotion. But can it really be that behind those objective masterpieces, kept at bay only by the defensive irony, there lurked the figure of Simon, who

might have been lifted from any undergraduate novel? (When he fixes Charley "with his glittering, passionate eyes as though he sought to bore into the depths of his being," we can almost hear Great Tom strike and see *Sinister Street* on the sofa.) On second thoughts I prefer to think that Mr. Maugham has been lured into this naïve underworld by Marxist criticism which has mistakenly suggested to him that he must cultivate a wider social consciousness.

VANITY FAIR

By E. G. Collier

THE YOUNG MELBOURNE and the Story of His Marriage with Caroline Lamb. By Lord David Cecil. *Constable*. 10s.

Greville relates that when the Premiership came Lord Melbourne's way, he told his secretary that "he thought it a damned bore, and that he was in many minds what he should do—be Minister or no." To which the secretary replied, "Why, damn it, such a position was never occupied by any Greek or Roman, and if it only lasts two months, it is worth while to have been Prime Minister of England." This story falls outside the time-limit which Lord David Cecil has placed upon his subject but it is typical of the man and his period. In a book distinguished for its charm, skill and feeling, he has portrayed the influences which went to compose the character of young William Lamb. At the end the picture shows not only the man who was to be the first Victorian Prime Minister, but also the figures of those who had moulded his passive character after their own fashion. Here is "not so much a single portrait as a conversation piece." The background is lit by the glow of the romantic dawn which was at the same time the sunset of the Whigs. Into this

world of transition was born William Lamb, with Lord Egremont as his putative father and with Lady Melbourne for his mother. From the former he inherited the strain of sensibility which throughout his life clashed with the education in worldly wisdom provided by the latter. "My mother was the most sagacious woman I ever knew," he said in later life, but because she suffered from that *absentéisme de cœur* which was lacking in himself, her influence did him more harm than good. From the cradle he was destined to pass his life in a gilded cage, and any natural desire to escape was sapped by the unsentimental education he received. First Eton, then Cambridge where he won a University prize while Fox quoted him in the House of Commons, and finally Glasgow constituted the academic course. More important was his graduation through Carlton House where Lady Melbourne vied with Mrs. Fitzherbert for the favours of the Prince of Wales; Holland House where his hostess presided over a perpetual battle of wits and intellect or conversed "while her page, Edgar, kneeling before her and with hands thrust beneath her skirt, rubbed her legs to alleviate rheumatism"; Devonshire House where he became the

lover of Lady Bessborough whose daughter, Caroline, he later married; and so to the House of Commons where sympathy with Canning and loyalty to the Whigs rendered his political career distinguished but uneventful.

The story of his disastrous marriage with Caroline Ponsonby, and of her not less disastrous connection with Byron is fully and admirably told. He believed that she treated him badly, and with reason, for she was as selfish as she was fascinating, *déséquilibrée*, and she lived in a world of make-believe where she could sometimes realize but never acknowledge her faults. Yet in the end he was convinced that Byron treated her worse, and his sense of loyalty called him back to her, though all hope of happiness was killed stone cold. In spite of the large part which she played in his life, Caroline probably influenced him less than his mother. His experience of marriage could only confirm the principles of his earlier education. Later generations, taking life more seriously than did the Regency period, may consider his life to have been one of wasted opportunities. But his hedonism left him little room for this aspect of his problem. He possessed a serenity born of indolence as well as of philosophic resignation. He contrived to live a far happier life than most men burdened with an idiot son and a scandalously unfaithful wife. His absolute beliefs had died in youth, and his own good-natured "Ha, ha," would have at once dismissed the notion that he was frustrated.

Lord David Cecil has devoted four years to the writing of this book. He has made use of many collections of private papers as well as of published memoirs and histories of the period. Most of the illustrations reproduced have never been made public before. The result is a work of art which it is to be hoped is only a prelude to a further study of the older Melbourne who was for six years Prime Minister and the kindly guide and friend of young Queen Victoria.

THE SPECTRUM OF AMERICA

MY AMERICA, 1928-1938. By Louis Adamic. *Hamish Hamilton*. 15s.

For Louis Adamic, as *The Native's Return* showed, America is not a background to his life story: it is the very stuff of which that story is made. The development of the Slovene immigrant into the American citizen, the fusing of a peasant culture with a complex, industrial, democratic civilization—these, the abstractions of the sociologist's text-book, are his life. (At least, what is beyond these, of intimate personal relationships, he does not choose to tell us, and his reticence is justified, on grounds of good taste and artistic relevance.) To present this relationship—the individual and the continent, the Slovene and the American—by a mere description of states of mind, a chronological table of social reflections and personal reactions to the changes of a decade would obviously be inadequate, even if possible. So he has chosen instead the difficult, delicate solution of setting out his social history indirectly, by implication.

These 650 closely printed pages are the stipples of an Impressionist painting. Take the chapters alone, and they are lively reporting, or scraps from a diary, or slices of social analysis. Even out of focus they are a mass of good things, trinkets for the light-fingered reader—sketches of coal bootlegging in Pennsylvania, bread lines in New York, or fruit picking in California, miniatures of Sinclair Lewis, Robinson Jeffers, a hitch-hiker's odyssey, a drunk's monologue. But it is when they are taken as a whole that they acquire significance, that the story of Maxo Vanka, immigrant artist, becomes a palimpsest on Louis Adamic, immigrant writer, that behind the penetrating analysis of American labour is an index to Adamic's own problem of relating well-doing to well-being in a democracy. That is why he

is justified in speaking of *My America*—because he has made her problems his problems—and is justified in charting a map of social currents and calling it autobiography—because he is part of those currents, steering and being swept by them simultaneously.

This, as I take it, is the rationale of *My America*, but Adamic has not been wholly content to leave it so: at points he has intruded exposition and tried to frame an explicit analysis of his situation. It is these analyses, it seems to me, that are the least satisfactory part of the book: I have no doubt that they will be

seized on by critics who claim that he is hiding confusion behind a mask of liberalism. They will despise his doubts about the C.I.O., bridle at his strictures on 'the Communist intellectuals, and fasten on his recurrent phrase, "basic America," as an attempt to suffocate militant Columbia in mystical cotton wool. They will be wrong. Because here is a rare phenomenon—an attempt to show the spectrum of America, not in primary colours, but in all its delicate and complex shadings, as it appeared to an honest and acute observer.

H. G. NICHOLAS

ISRAEL'S PART

By Olaf Stapledon

THE CLUE TO HISTORY. By John Macmurray. *Student Christian Movement Press*. 7s. 6d.

In Professor Macmurray's view God made men such that unless they practise comradeship they frustrate their own essentially social nature. God's manifest intention is that mankind should progress towards a world-wide classless brotherhood. But God, he says, also gave men the power to choose the selfish course. History shows that, though they often strive against God's intention, in the long run their perversity merely furthers it.

God, says Professor Macmurray, also made men capable of thought and action, and such that for well-being they must not divorce the one from the other. The Greeks glorified the life of workless contemplation, leaving action to the slaves. The Romans sought power, and would not stop to think out its purpose. The Jews, because they preserved the unity of theory and practice, were the only genuinely religious race. Their goal was the establishment of God's kingdom here on earth.

Jesus, the greatest of the Hebrew prophets, saw that the destiny of the Jews was not to found an empire but to

propagate genuine religion throughout the world. The Jews rejected Jesus. But in Professor Macmurray's opinion their perverse choice was instrumental to God's intention. Christianity, banished from Palestine, became a universal church. The Jews themselves, through their dispersal, became a medium of internationalism.

The early Christian Church practised the true spirit of Jesus; but in becoming Rome's official religion Christianity came to terms with the non-religious, Aryan spirit of Europe. It accepted (we are told) the "dualism" which separates spirit from matter, ideals from actuality. In theory it stood for "other-worldliness," in practice for secular power.

In our day, says Professor Macmurray, the genuine Christian spirit is manifested not in the Churches but in modern science and in modern Russia. The scientist, according to his lights, seeks to establish the Kingdom of God here on earth. In Russia, though the craving for power plays a disturbing part, society is intentionally ordered not in the interests of "property" but for the well-being of all.

Fascism, which as a race-cult mimics and vies with the inveterate racialism of

the Jews, is also, in Professor Macmurray's opinion, a ruthless attempt of the "dualistic," Aryan mentality to defeat the spirit of Jesus. Modern democracy, in which action is paralysed by intellectualism, will be destroyed by fascism, in which thought is suppressed by the urge for action. But though the modern Western form of society will be shattered, civilization will survive. For "it is the inevitable destiny of fascism to create what it intends to prevent, the socialist commonwealth of the world."

The story is dramatic, tragic, yet full of hope. It contains, I believe, a truth of high importance; but the presentation is over-simplified and perhaps overingenious. The practical religious temper was surely not confined to the Jews. Even at the outset, the drama was being vaguely enacted in the mind of Everyman. Further, Professor Macmurray presents it simply as a drama of free choosing, and fundamentally so it was; but at every turn the choosing was swayed, stimulated or inhibited by the impact of circumstances, mostly

economic. Next, Professor Macmurray rightly distrusts metaphysics; but those who use metaphysical terms should render them as unambiguous as possible. Is "God" something other than "God's intention" manifested in the observable structure of reality? If so, what is he? And then, how avoid metaphysics? Again, by "dualism" Professor Macmurray means essentially a habit of mind in which there is a failure to relate one part of experience and conduct to the rest. He contrasts it with religion, which is "totalitarian." "Dualism," in this odd sense, is indeed our besetting weakness. But we must beware of explaining every dichotomy in terms of this principle. Matter and spirit, self-regard and other-regard, owner and slave, Jew and Gentile, intellect and emotion, theory and practice, ideal and actual, have doubtless all a common factor of "dualism," but it may be questioned whether the "dualistic" habit is always the cause of the acceptance of these distinctions.

However, as a historical study of mental integrity the book is magnificent, and exciting.

SONG IN TRIBULATION

By Evelyn Underhill

RECUSANT POETS: St. Thomas More—Ben Jonson. By Louise Imogen Guiney. *Sheed & Ward*. 18s.

The title-page of this attractive book is hardly descriptive either of its origin or contents. It is not a critical study, but an anthology of Tudor Catholic poetry, in the collection of which the late Miss Guiney—herself a distinguished poet—took a major part. She worked on it at intervals during the seven years preceding her death in 1920; but had as her collaborator Father Geoffrey Bliss, S.J., who—though he evidently took considerable part in the work—modestly refuses to associate his name with hers. However, their joint contribution consists only in brief but scholarly introduc-

tions and notes to the poems, and these have been brought up to date and in some cases rewritten to embody the result of modern research by Mr. Edward O'Brien. Whilst some few of the poems are already familiar to lovers of sixteenth century verse, many from MSS. and early printed sources—and these by no means the least beautiful—are now made accessible for the first time.

The special interest of this collection consists in the fact that it is the work of men living in immediate expectation of persecution and death, and whose reaction to circumstance varies from bitter execration (only slightly represented here) to the heights of devotional fervour. Thus there are passages, such as

the Benedictine Father Langdon's lively attack on the "dragon Luther" who in "Germany his denne . . . swelleth and bloweth" which remind us that the supporters of the old religion had at least as great a command of invective as their enemies; whilst others sufficiently prove that the taste for bad hymns is no by-product of Protestant mentality, but indigenous in the British soul. But between these extremes of polemic and piety, although few of these poems reach the highest class, there are many of much charm and human interest; inspired by that profound love of life and that keen delight in natural beauty which triumph in the greatest of the sixteenth century poets. The passionate Tudor appreciation of country joys comes out again and again in descriptions of that Paradise which must have seemed very near to these hunted, proscribed or imprisoned victims of religious intolerance; who lived in constant expectation of martyrdom, and yet retained such disinterested gaiety of soul. Heaven is always envisaged as a particularly fertile and well-kept garden—though, as Blessed Robert Southwell reminds us, "unmanured"—and its botanical attractions are dwelt upon with an obvious and childlike delight.

Soare up my soule unto thy rest, cast off this
loathsome load,

Long is the date of thy exile, too long the
strickt abode.

Graze not on worldly withered weede, it
fitteth not thy taste,

The flowers of everlasting spring doe grow
for thy repast.

This is Robert Southwell, poet and martyr, thirteen times tortured yet never losing his gladness of heart. His poems are among the most distinguished in the book. But lesser minds treating this risky theme, though their verse is seldom unattractive, often came perilously near the standards of the horticultural show. So the Blessed Henry Walpole, S.J., who must surely have been a keen gardener in the world:

PP*

The lillie white : the ruddie rose
the crimsons and carnation flowers
be wattered there with honie dewes
and heavenlie Droppes of goulden showers
Pomegrannat prince of fruit, the peach
the daintie date, and pleasant figge
The almond, muscadell and grape
exceeding good, and wonderous bigge.

It is in accordance with the Christian emphasis on the vital connection between holiness and joy that these two Jesuit martyrs should combine this spontaneous and delighted love of created beauty with heroic faith; and further, that the gayest, most charming, most human piece in this collection should be Sir Thomas More's sestet on Childhood—the work of a great scholar, great statesman, and martyr, to whom the Church has given the title of Saint.

I am called Chyldhood, in play is all my
mynde,

To caste a coyte, a cokstele, and a ball.

A toppe can I set, and dryve it in his kynde.

But would to God these hateful bookes all,

Were in a fyre brent to powder small.

Than myght I lede my lyfe alwayes in play :
Which lyfe God send me to myne endyng
day.

This little poem stands alone. The favoured themes of the recusant writers, when not frankly religious, are bitter laments for the "good old times" gone by and impassioned eulogies of the monarch whom all good Protestant children were brought up to regard as "Bloody"; or of her cousin Mary Queen of Scots, "the glory of the North." In a few, e.g., Henry Constable and William Alabaster, it is possible to detect a promise of the coming of the metaphysical school. After Southwell, Henry Constable is indeed the best of the devotional poets represented here: and his magnificent sonnet on the Trinity is alone enough to give distinction to any anthology in which it appears. We look forward with eagerness to a second volume, which is promised in the course of the year.

HISTORY WRIT LARGE

By F. M. Stenton

A HISTORY OF EUROPE FROM THE INVASIONS TO THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. By Henri Pirenne. *Allen & Unwin*. 21s.

The distinctive quality of this very remarkable book is due to the circumstances under which it was written. In the spring of 1916, Professor Pirenne, the most eminent representative of historical scholarship in Belgium, was arrested by an officer of the German army of occupation. He was deported into Germany, and lived there, at first in an internment camp, and afterwards under civilian surveillance, until the autumn of 1918. In order to relieve the monotony of his restraint, and to distract his mind from many and urgent personal anxieties, he set himself to the task of tracing the course of events and the interplay of factors through which the European world of his day had come into being. He returned to Belgium before his survey had proceeded further than the first phases of the Reformation, and the completion of the work was prevented by his later absorption in studies which had been interrupted by the War, and in academic duties brought upon him by the respect in which he was held by historians throughout Europe. After his death, as he had wished, the manuscript which he had written in Germany was prepared for publication by his son, M. Jacques Pirenne, without any material change in its form or content. The work of which a translation is contained in the present volume should be regarded as the achievement of a great scholar in exile.

A book produced under such conditions was bound to be a work of interpretation rather than detail. Professor Pirenne was unable to take any books with him from Belgium into Germany, and the great libraries of that country

were not open to him. At many points in his manuscript he was compelled to leave blank spaces in which necessary dates might be inserted if happier times ever came. Even so, his work records all the facts which are most needed for the understanding of the main currents of European history, and it is remarkably successful in bringing them into a coherent sequence. But its distinction lies in the passages in which from time to time the significance of a train of events is suddenly made clear by a casual observation expressed with a severe economy of words. The isolation in which the book was written, by confining the author to the resources of his memory, released him from the scholar's temptation to rely on the accumulation of detail for the reinforcement of general conclusions. The pattern of the history does not arise from the mere grouping of selected facts, but from the attitude of an original mind towards the main tendencies of European thought and action. Many students will take a different attitude, and others will regret the absence of the apparatus of notes and references through which Pirenne might have introduced his readers to the writings of earlier scholars. But no one will deny that the book is the work of a great historian.

The continental standpoint from which it is written gives it especial value for English readers. It is probable that Professor Pirenne will be longest remembered as the historian of his own country. But Belgian history only becomes intelligible when it is treated in relation to the general development of the European polity. The historian of the Low Countries is compelled to form a definite opinion about such fundamental questions as the extent to which Roman ideas survived the collapse of Roman

authority in the West, the nature of feudalism, the origin of cities, and the conditions under which national feeling first became a political force. It was natural that after years of work on details which raised these general issues Professor Pirenne should feel the impulse to describe an outline on a European scale. The result is another piece of evidence that the master of a limited field is the person most fitted to write a general history. It can hardly be said that the present work is ever likely to become a

popular text-book. It is written on the assumption that its readers will already possess a certain amount of elementary knowledge, and it makes no attempt to disguise the complication of its vast subject. But it would be difficult to name any book which brings into clearer focus the inter-relation of East and West, the conflicting dynastic interests by which the European state-system was moulded, and the cross-currents of religious and political feeling which ultimately brought the medieval order to an end.

GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG

By Ronald Lewin

TWILIGHT ON PARNASSUS. By G. U. Ellis. *Michael Joseph*. 15s.

Among the Empires smashed by the Great War was that of the English novel, Old Style. In this book the author perambulates the succession states into which it was fractured, the novelists of the nineteen-twenties. Disintegration had, of course, set in before the last War, and there is an affinity between the work produced during the twenties and that published in our pre-War period of the thirties; "the impulse towards innovation in prose-fiction and iconoclasm in ideas, which had begun as early as 1910, had spent itself by 1930, and, by 1937, was beginning, in the formula of literary excommunication, 'to date,'" was a continuous process. But Mr. Ellis is mainly interested in its central, and most fruitful, period.

His tour does not include all the succession states and he does not attempt to play the comprehensive Baedeker to all those he visits. "The writers dealt with have been chosen not merely because each made an extremely valuable and highly personal contribution to prose-fiction, but also because each revealed some particular aspect of a cultural phase." These were not the Interested Foreigner's trio, Wells, Bennett, Galsvozy, and their followers.

Such "popular" writers, Mr. Ellis declares in an opaque phrase, presented views in agreement with "the merely vocal formulae of society." He is rather concerned with the rebels against the Victorian tradition, and applies to their work Mr. Forster's dictum about Gertrude Stein: "It is much more important to play about like this than to re-write the *Waverley Novels*."

Mr. Ellis might profitably have paid more attention to Mr. Forster. If he had exercised the restraint and economy displayed in *Aspects of the Novel*, his *Twilight on Parnassus* would be a contribution to modern literary criticism of some importance. As it is, prolixity has defeated him, and almost defeats the reader. Everything he has ever thought or ever read about the novel, past, present, and to come, he has scribbled down and failed to blot.

Nevertheless, it is worth while to follow the meanderings of his commentary. There must have been nearly as many books written about D. H. Lawrence as have Napoleon for their theme; yet Mr. Ellis's chapter on him well repays attention. He may be long-winded, but he has a sharp eye. "If Wilde was disposed to regard sensuality as among the fine arts, Lawrence was compelled to place it among the creeds."

And his chapter on Aldous Huxley's novels, if it had been compressed into a series of terse dicta, would have seemed brilliantly perceptive. Indeed, he throws off *aperçus* about each of the novelists he considers, which are just and new. For example, does he not point to the essence of David Garnett's work when he

speaks of "this visual quality that has the power of holding us in our stride, as though involved suddenly in the events we have chanced on casually and are compelled to stare at with the reluctant, fascinated curiosity of a stranger watching without intruding upon vivid happenings to which he is no party."?

THE JEWISH OMNIBUS

By Ashley Sampson

A RABBINIC ANTHOLOGY. Selected by C. G. Montefiore and H. Loewe. *Macmillan*. 18s.

The Bible is an inexhaustible treasure-house for the anthologist but it forms but a part of even ancient Jewish literature; and many are the anthologies of Rabbinic teaching which have appeared. Nevertheless the late Dr. Montefiore is right when he claims that most of these have been inadequate; and some of the best of them have never been available to the English student. He has, therefore, with Mr. Loewe, spent some of the ripest years of his scholarship in acquiring an anthology of immense proportions which will provide the student with the vast data of Rabbinical teaching through the ages and the more general reader with a tome of the world's greatest religious literature, graded according to the growing consciousness of the Jewish race, and provided with notes to clear up doubtful points and explain obscurities.

It is as a literary and historical document that this tome will appeal to the greater number of its readers; but, just as the poetry of the Bible cannot be separated from its religious value and moral teaching, so here there are moments when the robust, full flavour of some noble passage would be the poorer but for the good hard grain at its core—that belief in a God of justice fought out in a barbaric civilization.

There is much here that will be new to the reader of Hebrew literature whose

study of it has been limited to the Bible; but the mind of the Old Testament, on its teaching side, is herein disclosed upon matters that have received scant treatment in the canonical books. Reward, merit, God's love and the Law, are matters of vital issue in the Old Testament; but here we also hear the voice of Rabbinical teaching on such problems as industry, asceticism, miracles and peace. The teaching of the Rabbis on proselytism should be of particular value to the student whose reading has been largely on the beaten track—simply because this was not a problem that disturbed the Jew in his ancient isolation. Moreover, the doctrines of Atonement and Resurrection, as they find expression in the Rabbinical Schools, may come as a surprise to those whose understanding of these problems has been coloured by Christian conceptions in the West.

This is, in fact, an important book—the more so for a day that is witnessing another epoch in the history of that eternal people's enigmatic tragedy. The book is worth a good deal more than many volumes on the subject such as are turned out from time to time by western minds who cannot see it all from the inside; and Dr. Montefiore makes a just plea in his introduction for a hearing of the Inside Voice that the various Christian churches generally demand for themselves. He and his colleague can at least claim to have got into one volume what less economical minds might well

have put into several; and one so thoroughly annotated and indexed that the least experienced reader can have no difficulty in finding his way about it.

MR. NEVINSON AND HISTORY

FILMS OF TIME. H. W. Nevinson.
Routledge. 10s. 6d.

Mr. Nevinson, who has wandered so widely in space, has here wandered also in time. He has gone back to Hammurabi and forward to his own particular Judgment Day; he has imagined Herodotus reading his travels to the peoples of Greece, and Demetrius the silversmith denouncing Paul. He has retold, in Old Parr's language, Old Parr's life. Yet the larger part of his book is not concerned so much with these historic films as with the more metaphysical films which underlie history.

Mr. Nevinson is known very well as one of the most sensitive and most honest of travellers and correspondents, and here he has let his sensitiveness out to breathe "a rarer, a diviner air." He has a sympathy with Marcus Aurelius, though for those who find that much-tried soul a little too much of a spiritual solitary, the Emperor's tenderness will lack the final strength of charity. He served nobly; he despised few—except the crowd; he persecuted few—except Christians. But he rather felt that his soul was a star and lived apart. It is a great philosophy, and its disciples have done much. But in two other of these imaginations Mr. Nevinson has gone farther. The strange tale of the young man in Skye who was flying from the Wrath of God and of the corpse that was seen in the night, and how the young man sat in the morning crying: "I was the corpse"—this needed only a little more intensity of language to be all but a great short story. Dual—or triple—personalities suggest in science what Christianity has suggested in theology—



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Sweden is an example of a country which has succeeded in adopting many of the chief ideas and plans of nationalisation without forfeiting its free and easy democratic arrangement of society. The author explains what has been done and how the methods of government and national organisation are working out in a small state, a very limited "monarchy" indeed, unhampered by "greatness" or imperial interests and distractions.

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the doctrine of co-inherence, that we are indeed, beyond all guessing, members one of another. So in the *Cry of the Soul* Mr. Nevinson tells of an Indian who has so far trained himself that he can hear the faint cry of the tick which the egret plucks from the bullock's hide, and his solution of sorrow is still the Aurelian "Subdue desire."

The Aurelian. But Mr. Nevinson himself is a son of a later culture: *une grande curiosité a traversé le monde*. He is a son of Romanticism and mal-ease, of adoration and exploration. He can laugh at the culture he admires, as here in the admirable *Next Time*. He can admire Marcus Aurelius; it is perhaps a measure of the alteration that I doubt if Marcus Aurelius could possibly have understood him.

CHARLES WILLIAMS

SILIUS ANGLICUS

THE LETTERS OF WILLIAM SHENSTONE. Edited by Marjorie Williams. Blackwell. 32s. 6d.

Shenstone, as he lived and as he wrote, was anticipated by Pliny in his letter about the man who poetized "with greater care than genius," the possessor of many books, many statues, many busts, of Virgil in particular, "whose birthday he observed more religiously than his own," the epicist of the Punic War, whom the irreverent schoolboy remembers, if at all, as the Silly Italian.

Silius Italicus's correspondence has not come down to us. Unlike W. S., he was a family man with a none too creditable public life behind him; but Pliny's *philokalos* is the root of the matter, and Miss Williams's lucid and scholarly presentation of over three hundred letters (of which over a third appear for the first time) affords a perfect picture of a beauty-loving elegiac mediocrity playing the host and landscape-gardener in a Virgil's grove not at Naples but near Birmingham. The century was not deceived, nor need ours be. Gray

observed that "his place and his own writings, with two or three neighbouring clergymen who wrote verses too" was the staple of these *ad familiares*. Manner rather than matter is now claimed for them. And rightly. Shenstone never seems to have recovered from the literary association of his two initials. Shakespearean citation is worked into his graceful periods like the acanthus leaf on the abacus of a Corinthian capital. The pastoral balladist would have been a better poet, certainly a less heavy correspondent, if he had not been so anxious to appear the gentleman. Some things, especially in the apologetic vein, are well said: the comparison between a letter and snuff sent from a distance, the postscript to Lady Luxborough describing the complaints of rooms in a house, the discourses on seals, quills, and urns.

Amateurs of style will appreciate the new increment of letters for 1749, English scholars the dossier relating to Percy's *Reliques*, where the consideration of *taste* is uppermost, and any tenant of an estate with a ha-ha the overwhelming Leasowes matter. A man of Shenstone's sort is somehow most himself when regaling himself, even satirically it may be, in someone else's manner, "pretending to simper," as he says of his Spenserian imitation (which has a line of such pure Thomsonian poetry as "And plantain ribb'd, that heals the reaper's wound"). Little in these letters is as human or as vivid as the conversation with his housekeeper about the hens, in the style of *Pamela*. If he had always been content to stoop so low, or as when he records the Welsh folk with no glass in their windows or the inquisitive lady's mistake in regard to the name in a letter, this arbiter of rural elegances might even have become a painter like Chardin, in English prose.

This book is faithfully compiled and beautifully produced. No self-regarding Augustan country house should be without it.

E. H. W. MEYERSTEIN

PSEUDODOXIA

SHAKESPEARE'S LIFE AND ART.

By Peter Alexander. *Nisbet*. 8s. 6d.

That Shakespeare was the son of a butcher who could not write his own name, and that owing to the family's financial embarrassment, he was himself little better educated than his father; that he spent a riotous youth, getting Anne Hathaway into trouble (for which he had hastily to marry her), and stealing deer from Sir Thomas Lucy's park (for which he had to flee to London, deserting his family); that he first earned his living by holding customers' horses outside the theatre, was later promoted actor, and turned instant playwright; that he wrote jolly plays, like *Twelfth Night*, until jilted by Mary Fitton, the Dark Lady, whereupon he sulked and wrote *Hamlet*; that his first editors were incompetent and deceitful, omitting many plays by Shakespeare from the first Folio (or alternatively including a jumble of plays by other authors), and that they bundled in *Troilus and Cressida* between histories and tragedies because they could not make up their minds to which it belonged; and that anyway Shakespeare may well have been Bacon in disguise—so runs the popular story of Shakespeare's Life and Art.

Much of this sad mixture of misconception and make-believe has already been exploded in that great compendium of Shakespearean fact, Sir Edmund Chambers' *William Shakespeare*; and one would have thought that Miss Spurgeon's demonstration of the essentially different ways in which Bacon's and Shakespeare's minds worked would have reduced the Bacon legend to hung hog once and for all. But popular fallacies are notoriously hard to kill, and in any case much new evidence has been discovered since *William Shakespeare* was written. A new and simple handbook of the facts comes therefore in good time, and Professor Alexander, himself a

notable discoverer and in close touch with others, is as good a man as any to produce it. His book, compact and straightforward, attacks all these Vulgar Errors, and contains some notable bombshells. Sir Thomas Lucy, for instance, happens not to have had a deer park at all, Mary Fitton was a platinum blonde, and Shakespeare neither married so much in haste, or so much repented at leisure, as the gossips would have it.

None of this is new, of course, and one might have expected Professor Alexander to include a Bibliography among his admirable tables (of the quartos and folios, and the findings of the metrical experts); but he deserves great gratitude for fitting the new pieces to the puzzle so satisfactorily and with so little fuss. The more original parts of the book—the summary of each play's history is leavened by passages of appreciation—would seem to be less valuable; surely Falstaff has been called 'a liberator of the human spirit' before?

RICHARD DAVID

SEÁN O'CASEY WALLOPS
AT THE DOOR

I KNOCK AT THE DOOR. By Seán O'Casey. *Macmillan*. 10s. 6d.

The influence of youthful impressions on later life is generally considered formative. ("Give me the child to the age of five and I do not care who has him afterwards.") But these youthful impressions cannot be very informative. Indignations, hates, resentments, loves, loyalties—all these are formed by instinct and are the natural expression of essential personal being (unless the child is a self-deceiving little monster). But indignations about *what*? Is it not just about *people*—such as a brutal schoolmaster. Or things—such as an ugly *school*. Hardly about the teaching profession in the abstract? Hardly ending as generalization?

Seán O'Casey has written 270 pages of an autobiography which takes us no farther than about his twelfth year. It hums with that *saeva indignatio* for which he is notorious. (If the word appears malicious my excuse is that I mean to be emphatic: his fame, I think, depends on other things—on the power of his emotion, for one thing, which is very different from the power of his indignation.) He has, it seems to me, in this indignant autobiography informed his childhood retrospectively; so much so that this is not a projection of Johnny Casside (apparently an early form of his name) but what Seán O'Casey now feels about Johnny Casside. Well—why not? All I can say is that I regard Seán O'Casey as a man of genius when he is writing plays, but that when he is letting off steam about what he has had to endure—poverty, slums, human stupidity—I simply do not find him interesting. Immense chunks of this book are like the man in Hyde Park who keeps on shouting: "My name is Mainwaring, and I've got a injustice!" "My name is O'Casey, and I've got the most terrible feelings." On the other hand, there are two or three chapters, objectively done, that just make the reader sit up as stiff as a poker with "the most terrible feelings." There is one called *The Street Sings*—a lovely description of slum kids playing in the Dublin streets; another called *Battle Royal*, about a fight between schoolboys; a beautiful little chapter about a Jew window-mender. Most of the remainder are wearisome belly-aching, a corrosion of self-pity, or the most embarrassing *litherachure*—O the most darlint *litherachure*, half-prose, half-verse, a kind of rhapsodical continuum of rhetoric, ingenuous beyond description.

Those few objective chapters save the book from being completely boring; they impress, with genius, the stamp of that Dublin childhood on the heart and brain. Otherwise the effect is a blur.

SEÁN O'FAOLÁIN

A STORY IN VERSE

PENTHESPERON. By Christopher Hassall. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

Only rarely do we realize that we are the victims of habits which are more powerful than ourselves. A compound narrative poem of a hundred and sixty-seven pages, such as *Penthesperon*, sets up an immediate mental resistance in us. The reader who surrenders his will, for the time being, to Mr. Hassall will have practical mental experience of what was quite common a little more than a hundred years ago. He will realize how people were able to read and enjoy stories in verse.

Mr. Hassall devotes each of his "Five Evenings" to a story or group of episodes told by a small group of friends. He pays homage to George Crabbe and it is clear that he has learned a great deal from that neglected poet, who anticipated the modern methods of plain detail and stark fact.

Mr. Hassall moves more lightly and the total effect of his narratives suggests a lyrical undertone, especially in the first story. It is difficult to discover how he achieves this total effect. The imagery is never very original. His epigrams, if we pause at them, are not as good as they seem to be. He gossips, he prattles, too, in blank verse or rhyme and he takes us into his confidence with an impudence which is quite charming.

The explanation seems to be that Mr. Hassall uses words quite honestly and that he has the very rare gift of storytelling. Most of his stories have a mischievous quality.

One accidental effect emerges from Mr. Hassall's use of modern accessories in traditional lines. Hired radio and Daimler cars, suburban sitting-room and bungalow are neatly dated. Modern poets are inclined to write of combustion engines and monoplanes as fixed novelties. Mr. Hassall has made the passing moment just a little old-fashioned.

AUSTIN CLARKE

OTHER BOOKS: SELECTED LIST

The books in this list, in addition to those which have been reviewed in the preceding pages, have been chosen after careful scrutiny from a much larger number of current publications.

ART

THE NEW VISION. By L. Moholy-Nagy. Faber. 16s.

Describes the work done at the Bauhaus, which was founded in Germany by Prof. Walter Gropius in 1919 and is now carried on by its founder and Mr. Moholy-Nagy in Chicago. Its course is a training in the use and appreciation of materials and tools, and of the purely sensory elements of art, surface, space, mass and so on. The final course is in architecture. A valuable education in the use of the senses is described here, with illuminating examples from the works of abstract and other artists.

FICTION

HAPPY VALLEY. By Patrick White. Harrap. 8s. 6d.

Mr. Patrick White has studied "Ulysses" too diligently. It is a great pity, for this first novel shows him to be a writer of considerable gifts. His scene is a small Australian township and his subject the moral disintegration which overtakes the individual in a society without community of ideas or interests. The principal figure is a doctor driven by boredom with his wife and environment into a love-affair with a rather dim young woman in the town. The murder of the village schoolmaster's wife by her husband brings home to him the necessity for imposing a pattern on life which will subdue the destructive passions. Mr. White has captured the desolating atmosphere of provincial life at its worst; he has a highly developed sense of form and a feeling for character. But he has not learnt to select the significant fact.

GOOD-BYE TO BERLIN. By Christopher Isherwood. Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d.

Mr. Isherwood has abandoned his monumental novel of Pre-Nazi Berlin—wisely, for the rapidly shifting present is no time for the carrying out of such a scheme—and has consigned to the publisher the sketches from which it was to have been compiled. Three of these

have appeared before in *New Writing* and one in book form, as *Sally Bowles*, but gathered together, with a connecting and a concluding unpublished chapter, they amplify the picture presented in *Mr. Norris Changes Trains*, with the same balanced and critical observation, and the same witty, clear, commentless writing.

UNCLE ARTHUR AND OTHER STORIES.

By John Pudney. Longmans. 7s. 6d.

Mr. Pudney has an agreeably light touch with the short story. At his best on the edge of fantasy, he has captured the old fairy tale writers' trick of relating the incredible in a convincingly matter-of-fact way. In his happiest inventions, such as "Ethel and her Engine", he extracts a pleasant irony from the impact of the capricious or extraordinary on simple people. When he keels over into the purely fantastic, he is much less successful. Of the "straight" stories, "A Sight for Sore Eyes", a touching evocation of a young woman's love for a daft country boy, is outstanding.

A HANDFUL OF SILVER. By Doreen Wallace. Collins. 8s. 6d.

Here is both a picture of a small Suffolk town, and a study of pacifism. Miss Wallace's picture of Langtoft is drawn with her usual competence, but without distinction. One of her two pacifists owns a factory which can recover prosperity by manufacturing bombs instead of ploughshares; the other is an unemployed farm labourer who can get a job in the new factory. Their dilemma gives the book urgency, and Jed Winterflood, the labourer, is a memorable character.

THE GENERAL'S LADY. By Esther Forbes.

Chatto & Windus. 8s. 6d.

Miss Forbes's second historical novel is admirably done. She has chosen the time of the American War of Independence, and her heroine is Morganna Milroy, the wife of a "patriot" general, a passionate, unscrupulous and heroic woman, who is at last hanged for the murder of her husband. Miss Forbes can make us live in a past century without falsification on the one hand or antiquarianism on

the other ; she can make both characters and landscapes come alive ; and she can tell an exciting story.

MIPAM. By Lama Yongden. *Bodley Head*. 8s. 6d.

Set down by a Tibetan and arranged in English by Percy Lloyd and Bernard Miall, this novel describes the ordinary life of Tibet and the mystical practices of the monasteries. The chief character, whose career is described minutely from birth, becomes a lama. His career is complicated for English readers by the fact that this is one of his many re-incarnations. The book demands and deserves solid careful reading. It opens up to us an astonishing phase of human development.

STEEL SARABAND. By Roger Dataller. *Nelson*. 8s. 6d.

Mere propaganda and the usual gigantic melodrama are absent from this novel of industrial life. It is a tense story of a worker who 'gets on' and becomes the enemy of his own class. The love triangle, the floods that threaten the steel works—these have a symbolic value, but violent emphasis is avoided.

A MIGHTY MAN OF VALOUR. By E. L. Grant-Watson. *Duckworth*. 7s. 6d.

This novel of early Israel is direct and thoughtful. Mr. Grant-Watson avoids both antiquated language and modern colloquialism. He frankly sees in the fanatical single-minded leadership of Jephthah (Judges XI) a close parallel with present-day dictatorship. No doubt, Mr. Watson strains analogy but his analysis of conflicting religious ideas (and he deliberately blends several centuries), is well pointed and instructive.

THE LONG VALLEY. By John Steinbeck. *Heinemann*. 7s. 6d.

These short stories by the author of *Mice and Men* centre round a valley in California, and the humble people, mostly agriculturists, who live there. They are dexterously told, and though seemingly slight, handle confidently the more uncomfortable aspects of human relationships. In spite of Mr. Steinbeck's tender, almost whimsical, attitude towards his characters, there is a vein of stark brutality in nearly all these tales.

THEY SHALL NOT DIE. By H. F. Parkinson. *Constable*. 7s. 6d.

This able and interesting first novel is of the "suppose it did happen" kind. Suppose a

serum were discovered which could prevent illness, age, and death? The supposition is followed out with great ingenuity and resource. The narrator is the discoverer of the serum, a character who is at first treated satirically, as a mere money-maker, but later tends to become the novelist's mouthpiece. The moral, that our world is losing its soul, is sometimes allowed to obtrude itself too much.

WAIT UNTIL SPRING, BANDINI. By John Fante. *Rouledge*. 7s. 6d.

Mr. Fante's first novel is vivid and forcible. His subject is the life of an Italian family in Colorado. The plot, in which the home is broken up by the father's unfaithfulness, and the eldest son then reconciles his parents, is comparatively unimportant. What is memorable is the picture of the Italian family in America. Svevo Bandini, the excitable Italian peasant, who now wishes to think of himself as an American bricklayer ; Maria, his wife, who has in her rosary a way of escape from the harshness of her life ; and the three boys, young Italians who are becoming young Americans, are all brilliantly alive.

ENGLISH SHORT STORIES OF TO-DAY. *Oxford University Press*. 3s. 6d.

Thirteen stories are here selected from the works of an equal number of authors. As is usual in anthologies, some of the best items come from the less famous practitioners, who owe their inclusion to the excellence of their work rather than to the eminence of their reputations. For the "To-day" of the title, read "yesterday", or even the day before. Leonard Merrick, Saki, and Galsworthy, to name only three sources, are indications that the reader need fear no excessive modernity.

THREE MARRIAGES. By E. M. Delafield. *Macmillan*. 7s. 6d.

Three separate stories of three separate marriages—in 1857, in 1897, and in 1937—make up a volume in which the always entertaining author attempts, for once, something more than entertainment. She is more serious than usual—but, it is important to add, only in one sense of that word.

HOPE OF HEAVEN, AND OTHER STORIES. By John O'Hara. *Faber*. 7s. 6d.

It is getting harder and harder to differentiate between American volumes of short stories, and to find anything new to say about them. Their writers have all studied Maupassant and

Tchegov, they are all extremely competent—far more competent, or at least far more assured, than their English contemporaries—and, like a combine which still issues its goods under the individual labels of its constituent companies, they go on turning out their little pieces, so admirable, so fashionably rough, so indistinguishable. The John O'Hara label is clearly a mark of quality and reliability.

OLIVER CROMWELL. By Mirko Jelusich.
Massie. 8s. 6d.

The English version of this novel makes its appearance in a handsome volume. We no longer expect any fresh revelations on the theme of Cromwell, but Mr. Jelusich has studied his authorities with the detachment of a foreigner. He was, perhaps, unwise to write a novel of over 400 pages in the present tense; it wearies the reader, and has obviously made, as it was bound to do, the translator's task exceptionally difficult.

TIME TO KILL. By David M. Winser.
Longmans. 7s. 6d.

The often-debated problem of a doctor's right to bring the release of death to a patient agonised by incurable disease is here stated in very human terms. The author is, in fact, concerned not with the problem itself, but the situation. The main interest is in the twists and turns that the story and the characters take, the main merit a freshness of writing and of invention.

PURPOSES OF LOVE. By Mary Renault.
Longmans. 8s. 6d.

There is extraordinary competence and also very sensitive awareness in this first novel of life and love in and round about a great London hospital. The composition is almost musical in its involved weaving of themes—each theme a character, and each an aspect of the complicated business of sexual love. Astringency and tenderness go hand in hand, often uncomfortable, as repellant as appealing, yet carrying conviction. The trees may a little obscure the wood, but they are, for all that, real growths.

FICTION (Detective)

THREE MEN MAKE A WORLD. By Andrew Marvell. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.

Not strictly a detective story, this excitingly told tale of evasions and pursuits deals with the adventures of three men with a secret

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which has only to be revealed to shatter the existing social structure. They carry their tremendous secret within the convenient space of a test tube, travelling lightly and argumentatively, like Wellsian accidentally-met companions, towards some unknown place where they may hide their discovery until they have faced the responsibility of withholding it, or allowing it to burst upon a world that is about to go to war. Indeed, the whole tale of their adventures, with its inconsequent interlude on the Berkshire Downs, and the grim scenes of devastation in London after the enemy planes have passed, has a touch of Wellsian fantasy. Not that the author borrows from anyone: his engaging thriller is his own. Where his ingenuity falters is in the final picture, when he tries to show the new world that follows upon the universal war.

THE GREAT GAME. By H. C. Bailey.
Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

Mr. Fortune again, taking part in his own game of hunt-the-murderer with unabated zest, and playing it better than ever, one would say, if it were not that his famous mannerisms were gaining too great a hold upon him. They are even becoming infectious. The ex-naval innkeeper's conversation is riddled with Reggie Fortune tricks, so that they begin to lose point as characteristic accessories. However, a horribly lifelike sketch of the modern road-house host who is not quite an innkeeper and not quite a gentleman. The "Great Game" in this case is the spoiling of the countryside for gain, and either indirectly as victims, or actively as speculators, the villagers and county families play their part in his "development".

HISTORY & BIOGRAPHY

DR. QUICKSILVER: The Life of Charles Lever. By Lionel Stevenson. *Chapman & Hall.* 12s. 6d.

Mr. Stevenson has made a book at once scholarly and most readable out of what many would have thought an unlikely subject. Few of us read Charles Lever's novels to-day, but the biography of this impecunious, warm-hearted, wandering, hard-writing Irishman brings at least the man to life again, and helps to fill in a corner of the Dickens-Trollope-Lytton-Reade-Collins page of literary history, tapping new material in the shape of some hundreds of Lever's own letters.

UNCLE LAWRENCE. By Oliver Warner.
Chatto & Windus. 5s.

An extraordinarily moving little story. Mr. Warner spent a long vacation from Cambridge on a visit to his uncle, who lived on an island in a lake in Canada. Uncle Lawrence's contact with his family had dwindled to an annual letter to his mother, and Mr. Warner's attempt at more frequent correspondence with an uncle he had never seen failed. The story describes very simply Uncle Lawrence's restricted existence, and the emotions, intimacies, strangeness, and affection between nephew and uncle during the visit.

E. V. LUCAS: A Portrait. By Audrey Lucas.
Methuen. 6s.

Personal charm was the essence of the appeal of the late E. V. Lucas, and it is the essence of the appeal also of his daughter's too brief collection of haphazard memories. Mainly she writes of the pre-War years, recalling him as father and friend, and in lesser degree as host to others in his homes in Kent, in London, and in Sussex. The attractiveness of it all, plus a sense of things not said, make one regret that Miss Lucas did not do her work more fully, more inclusively, while she was about it.

NORTH CHINA FRONT. By James Bertram.
Macmillan. 15s.

Leaving Peiping soon after its fall, Mr. Bertram travelled to North-East China, and spent six months in the field with the Eighth Route Army, formerly the "Red Army." His well-written book is valuable particularly for its account of the methods of the Chinese Communist troops—many of whose leaders he met and talked with—in this wild border region, whose resistance to the Japanese invasion may, he thinks, have a crucial influence on the outcome of the war. He includes also some equally informative impressions of Peiping, Manchuria, and of two visits to Japan.

THIS IS GERMANY. By C. W. Domville-Fife. *Seeley, Service.* 12s. 6d.

Mr. Domville-Fife has seen a good deal of Nazi Germany, often under official guidance. His descriptions—with excellent photographs—of how the Nazi State works, its economics, road-building, land policy, attitude to women, organized recreation, emphasis on physical culture, and so on, are useful in showing how Nazi ideas penetrate daily life. But he has scarcely anything to say about the Jews or the Church conflict, or the concentration camps.

or Germany's foreign and colonial ambitions. His whole picture is so rose-coloured that even as propaganda it loses force.

BEHIND THE SCENES AT THE PRUSSIAN COURT. By H.R.H. Princess

Friedrich Leopold of Prussia. *Murray*. 15s. The writer of these memoirs is the younger sister of the late Empress of Germany. She married the Emperor's cousin, whom Wilhelm II disliked for dynastic, political, and psychological reasons. The Princess had a good deal to endure, particularly as she hated ceremony and restriction. Her book is largely a record of major and minor persecutions by the House of Hohenzollern, broken whenever possible by cycling excursions in England. Private and family interests give this rather indifferently translated work a certain naïve and agreeably old-fashioned charm.

BRITISH IMPERIALISM AND AUSTRALIA, 1783-1833. By Brian Fitzpatrick.

Allen & Unwin. 18s. This book, following the works of Shann, Eric O'Brien, and Madgwick, practically completes the documentation and analysis of early Australian economic history. It describes with

painstaking detail not only the first colonial settlements and their unholy economic growing pains, but also the world circumstances responsible for those settlements and those pains. But it may be advanced that Imperialism implies Imperialists, and the founders of Australia certainly were not that, whatever their other sins.

THE EMIGRANTS: EARLY TRAVELLERS TO THE ANTIPODES. By Hector

Bolitho and John Mulgan. *Selwyn & Blount*. 12s. 6d.

Apparently this book was made to meet the popular literary demands of the New Zealand centennial, to be celebrated during 1939-40. It supplies brief accounts of the connections of such people as Charles Meryon, Barron Field, Armitage Brown, and Alfred Domett with early New Zealand and Australia. Doubtless some readers over here will be interested, but New Zealanders and Australians will regret that Mr. Bolitho and Mr. Mulgan have been content merely to re-hash, in journalistic fashion, what has been said so often before. The book contains several minor inaccuracies.

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INDIAN ARTIFEX. By Victor Bayley.
Woodcuts by P. Y. Carter. *Robert Hale*.
12s. 6d.

These adventures of a civil, mining, military, and railway engineer in India and Mesopotamia make excellent runner's reading. Mr. Bayley, much as he likes to pose as a "bungling amateur" of the pen, is in fact an accomplished writer, and is, in his publisher's terms, Kipling-esque no less in vigour of statement than sweet simplicity of outlook. The strangeness and humanity of the East are brought firmly if conventionally to life.

THE SHELTERING TREE. By Netta Syrett. *Bles*. 10s. 6d.

Miss Syrett attended the North London Collegiate Girls' School under Queen-Victorian Miss Buss, went to the Cambridge Training College, taught in the provinces and London, drifted into the *Yellow Book* circle through knowing Beardsley's sister, and so came to novel and play writing. Grant Allen, Meredith, Beardsley, Henry Harland, May Sinclair, Tree, George Alexander, Thomas Hardy, and Laurence Housman all figure, among many more, in her pages, and she is femininely frank in her views. Good, rather than striking reminiscence, it makes pleasant reading.

CAPTAIN MARRYAT AND THE OLD NAVY. By Christopher Lloyd. *Longmans*. 15s.

Marryat's early life at sea is cleverly "reconstructed" here from his novels. Mr. Lloyd rescues Marryat from schoolboy admiration, and presents him as reformer who, without sentimentality, helped to change some of the appalling conditions of the Fleet in the years after Trafalgar.

LITERARY

REJOICE IN THE LAMB. By Christopher Smart. Edited by William Force Stead. *Cape*. 15s.

And tho' their throats coarse ruttling hurt the ear
They mean it all for music.

So the Seatonian Prizeman wrote of the ravens in 1755, and the present relic of his confinement as a lunatic a few years later is at once a gloss thereon, and more than a step to *A Song to David*. Mr. Stead's careful and loving presentation of this queer, re-discovered *Benedicite*, with its "Let" and "For" sections, including much that looks forward to Blake's

"Prophetic Books", in the use of English proper names, and even to Rimbaud, in the fantastic meanings given to letters of the alphabet, will be a delight to the amateur of the eighteenth-century Romantics. The passage on "my Cat Jeoffry", closing in a line of four monosyllables, is notable pioneer work in *vers libre*. New light well thrown on Smart's life and reading, and his madness psychologized with method.

STUDIES IN KEATS, NEW AND OLD.
By John Middleton Murry. *Oxford University Press*. 8s. 6d.

A reprint of *Studies in Keats* (1930), with three new essays, which have not the quality of the former ones. In *The Poet and the Dreamer* Mr. Murry continues a disagreement with Professor de Selincourt about some lines in *The Fall of Hyperion*; in *Keats and Milton* he defends himself against a criticism of Professor Tillyard of his attitude to Milton, which leads to some interesting remarks on the different "feeling-types" of men of imagination; in the final essay he corrects an earlier estimate of Wordsworth's influence on Keats. For Mr. Murry literary criticism seems to become more and more a department of hagiography or an extension of his own particular brand of Christianity.

SHAKESPEARE'S BOY ACTORS. By W. Robertson Davies. *Dent*. 10s. 6d.

Mr. Davies' ingenious theories could have been compressed into an essay, and in this book he has eked out his material too much. But he calls attention to a very neglected theme, and shows how the absence of women from the Elizabethan stage gave some minor advantages to the playwrights. He investigates even the inevitable *double entendre* caused by masquerade.

MISCELLANEOUS

A JOURNEY ROUND MY SKULL. By Frigyes Karinthy. *Faber*. 8s. 6d.

Karinthy, well-known as a dramatist, poet, and humorist in Hungary, found himself, at the age of forty-eight, suffering from a tumour on the brain. He describes here in detail the course of his illness, including the four-hour operation under spinal anaesthetic by a Swedish surgeon—he was conscious for the first three hours—which saved his life. His book gives a vivid impression of an uncommon personality, witty and observant, with sidelights on his

family and friends, literary life in Budapest, and his experiences as patient and convalescent in Sweden. As a case-history it must be unique ; but a somewhat macabre taste is needed to appreciate it all through.

TUMBLING IN THE HAY. By Oliver St. John Gogarty. *Constable*. 10s.

Conversation, alas, is not literature. Dr. Gogarty is a celebrated wit, but his attempt to recapture the boisterous gaiety of medical student days in Dublin falls surprisingly flat. There are many good stories buried in these rambling recollections of things past, but the reader requires patience to dig them out. The witticisms of the dons of Trinity College, Dublin, and the mildly Rabelaisian jests of the students are much like those of any university town or hospital. However, Dr. Gogarty is good on Irish nationalism, academic pomposity, and the humours of the law.

GARDENING HERESIES AND DEVOTIONS. By W. B. Honey. *Faber*. 10s. 6d.

Mr. Honey arranges his 48 essays by the calendar, and is concerned more often with the history, theory, and aesthetics of gardening than with details of cultivation. He shows a wide knowledge and proper appreciation of cultivated plants, together with a sound dislike of certain qualities popular with nurserymen, such as the double flowers which usually only destroy a plant's individuality and natural form. There are some good photographs.

WORD WARFARE: Some Aspects of German Propaganda and English Liberty.

By John Gloag. *Nicholson & Watson*. 3s. 6d. Mr. Gloag, in common with many people, was thrown off his balance by the September crisis, found himself hating "Germany", and getting a war mentality. Horrified, he hastily visited Germany to regain balance. He records his impressions, with some reflections on internal and international propaganda. These are personal jottings, liberally interspersed with quotations from the Press and books on current politics, of which there is a short bibliography at the end.

PHILOSOPHY

THE GARDEN OF THE GOLDEN FLOWER. By Longfield Beatty. *Rider*. 12s. 6d.

An endeavour to show that the symbols encountered by psycho-analysis reappear with

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heightened validity on other levels of human experience in myth, folk-lore, and religion. A wide field is covered, ranging through Genesis and the Garden of Eden, Chinese mysticism, Greek hero tales, King Arthur and the Grail, the Egyptian pantheon and Christianity. Many of the suggested interpretations appear highly debatable, but this is a painstaking volume which deserves attention from students of that obscure borderland where religion, psychology, and anthropology intermingle.

BUDDHISM: ITS DOCTRINES AND METHODS. By Alexandra David-Neel. *Bodley Head.* 6s.

In writing this remarkably compact short book, Mme. David-Neel has had the help of her adopted son, Lama Yongden, and of her own travels in Tibet. Her purpose, however, is not to recommend the Tibetan or other school of Buddhism, but to give an impartial account of its history and doctrines for Western readers. After a sketch of the Buddha's life, his teachings are methodically expounded, with chapters on the Eightfold Path, Karma and Nirvana, and frequent quotations from Buddhist scriptures. Perhaps the strongly rational element in Buddhism is slightly over-emphasized; but this is a minor criticism of a most useful manual, notable for its orderly arrangement and clarity of expression.

REASON IN POLITICS. By K. B. Smellie. *Duckworth.* 12s. 6d.

A comprehensive book. The first section deals with political thought up to and after 1600. The second section with the relation of economics, ethics, metaphysics, and history with politics, with a special section on Utilitarianism, Hegel, and Marx. The third section deals with the nature and future of the State. There is a mass of learning and intelligent discussion here, and the book should be treated as a student's manual. As a new contribution to thought its point lies in the last section, and would be more assimilable with a short introduction summarizing the vast discussion of Western thought which precedes it.

POETRY

THE FOUNTAIN OF MAGIC. By Frank O'Connor. *Macmillan.* 4s. 6d.

Originally, these translations from the Irish were selected by Yeats, and published at his *Cuala Press*; he also revised a number of the poems. "The merit of these poems," Mr.

O'Connor says, in a pleasant, though not very informative preface, "is that they come out of a world in which imagination and thought are pure." His renderings, which range over a wide period, are distinguished, and certainly distil something of this magic fountain.

FLOWERING RIFLE. By Roy Campbell. *Longmans.* 6s.

Mr. Campbell has been for some time fighting for Nationalist Spain; in this poem of some five thousand lines he announces himself as the poet (and prophet) of Franco's victory. To him it is a Holy War, but such epic quality as this poem possesses is marred by the personal and spiteful tone which animates his slashing satire on "Reds", intellectuals, Jews, by his conceit, and by the somewhat extravagant claims he makes for the cause in which he believes so ardently. It is possible to admire Mr. Campbell's unflagging vigour and his command of violent imagery.

THE WHITE CRY. By Douglas Stewart. *Dent.* 5s.

New Zealand has been developing a literary consciousness, and has now several poets of promise. Mr. Stewart has not escaped influences good and bad. His lines have a youthful lusciousness; there are too many creamy breasts and limbs seen by moonlight. But he has learned to see the antipodean world strongly, and many of his images are exciting. In "Triumph," "Green Pond," and "That Green, that Stone Endeavour," a very clear and individual lyric gift shows itself.

SOCIOLOGY

A HISTORY OF SCIENCE, TECHNOLOGY, AND PHILOSOPHY IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By A. Wolf. 345 Illustrations. *Allen & Unwin.* 25s.

Prof. Wolf carries on the immense work which he has completed for the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries into the eighteenth—an age remarkable not only for the further pursuit of pure scientific inquiry, but especially for the diffusion of knowledge and its technical application to industry. The sciences are taken in order, the author proceeding from the more general to the less, and telling the story of the major inventions which ushered in the industrial revolution. He concludes by examining those more general studies where science and philosophy, or science and human need, touch. The abundant detail is kept well under control. The theme is broadly conceived.

THE TRUE INDIA: A Plea for Understanding. By C. F. Andrews. *Allen & Unwin*. 6s.

Mr. Andrews writes for the benefit of those whose misunderstanding of the Hindus is based on Miss Mayo and her imitators. He takes the trouble to answer her accusations against the obscenity of Hinduism. He gives ample facts about the beneficial role of Gandhi and Tagore, about social changes, emancipation of women, economic reorganization and religious reform, and his testimony to dynamic changes from within India carries conviction from his own lifelong association with her people.

GLORY DEAD. By Arthur Calder-Marshall. *Michael Joseph*. 15s.

The first part of this book consists of short, imaginary scenes typical of life in Port of Spain. The second part is a record of what Mr. Calder-Marshall saw and heard during a visit to Trinidad of three months' duration. In the third section the author discusses some of the problems of Crown Colony government and the labour question. Mr. Calder-Marshall seems to have spent his time extremely well, and to have produced an independent survey which—Trinidad being news to-day—is highly opportune.

I THINK ALOUD IN AMERICA. By Odette Keun. *Longmans*. 12s. 6d.

Why is Miss Keun so very, very angry with Europe? Well, the answer to that is, perhaps, not hard to find. But what happened, especially when she was in England, to annoy her so intensely? We cannot tell. But she seems to have gone to America with the fixed determination of liking it, and of producing a love with which she could vent her hatred of Europe, and particularly the English. She only just succeeded, if at all. In spite of her good resolutions, she saw the New World too clearly for comfort, and was constantly shocked, and sometimes even revolted by what she saw. But she goes on protesting her love. A curious book.

I SAW THE CRUCIFIXION. By Sydney Morrell. *Peter Davies*. 7s. 6d.

From March to September, 1938, the Prague correspondent of the *Daily Express* travelled about the north-west borders of Czechoslovakia, with intervals in the capital, and watched the dramatic fluctuations of a people between confidence and despair. His narrative could not well be more exciting or more

outspoken. Whether Mr. Chamberlain and the "Old Etonian Ties" did the right thing or not—Mr. Morrell says firmly "not"—and whether their motives were or were not those he imputes to them it is pretty safe to say that no one of any shade of political opinion will put down this book until he has finished it.

AFRICAN WOMEN. By Sylvia Leith-Ross. *Faber*. 15s.

To look at a primitive culture from the women's point of view was Mrs. Leith-Ross's object in spending several months among the Ibo women of Nigeria. Mrs. Leith-Ross was fascinated by their business ability, energy, and quick wits; she compares them to French women in their mastery over their own affairs. But though she brought intelligence, curiosity, hard work, and careful analysis to the task, she was not able to penetrate to their inner life. She is modest and scholarly, regretful of her own ignorance of Ibo (she used interpreters throughout), and this should stop her blaming a grief-stricken woman from seeking comfort from a piece of new cloth. Human nature is subtler and deeper than Mrs. Leith-Ross seems aware.

The new novel by E. L. GRANT-WATSON

A Mighty Man of Valour

tells the story of Jephthah and his daughter as a parable for the modern world. "It is of the greatest interest and has more point for to-day than most novels written of to-day. The encounter of Jephthah with the hermits sends light into very dark corners. I wish very much that this novel will have a success." —STORM JAMESON.

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FORTHCOMING BOOKS

A NEW verse-play by Mr. T. S. Eliot is expected this month. It is entitled *The Family Reunion*, and will be published by Messrs. Faber & Faber. It will be produced this spring by E. Martin Browne and Ashley Dukes.

Other verse for this month includes Mr. Stephen Spender's anthology *Poems for Spain*, which will be published by the Hogarth Press on March 2. Mr. Spender, together with Mr. J. L. Gili, is the translator of *Selected Poems* by Federico García Lorca, which is announced by the Dolphin Book Shop for this month.

Messrs. Auden and Isherwood made a journey in China, and the record of their travels is announced by Messrs. Faber & Faber under the title *Journey to War*, and will appear on March 16.

Miss Audrey Harris's journey to China is to be published on the 20th of the month, with the title *Eastern Visas*. Mr. Philip Thornton's *Ikons and Oxen* will be published on the same date, and both these travel books are on the lists of Messrs. Collins.

Munich and the Dictators is the title of Dr. R. W. Seton Watson's new book announced by Messrs. Methuen. This will be published later on.

Germany and the Jews is the subject of several books this month. Mr. Wyndham Lewis calls his book *The Jews—are They Human?* It will be published by Messrs. Allen & Unwin.

Mr. Paul Goodman's *History of the Jews* will be published by Messrs. Dent, and Messrs. Hurst & Blackett announce *Britain's Jewish Problem* by M. G. Murchin, *Germany's Claim to Colonies*, by F. S. Joelson, and *Germany Pushes West*, by Dr. Gerhard Schacher.

Searchlight over Europe is the title of a new book by F. Yeats-Brown, author of *Bengal Lancer*. This is announced by Messrs. Eyre & Spottiswoode.

The same publishers announce *Spain, the Church and the Orders*, by E. Allison Peers, and Messrs. Cape have on their lists *Gibraltar and the Mediterranean*, by G. T. Garratt, *Special Undeclared War* (an historical and cultural study of the war between Japan and China), by Frank Oliver, and *Giant Despair*, by Douglas Reed, author of *Insanity Fair*.

Who is for Liberty, by Hugh Ross Williamson, is to be published by Messrs. Michael Joseph on March 2.

Messrs. Ivor Nicholson & Watson announce the formation of a Liberal Book Club, the first volume of which appears this month and will be *Life Within Reason*, by Ivor Brown.

Messrs. Allen & Unwin announce *The Government and Misgovernment of London*, by Dr. W. A. Robson, for March 7.

The second volume of General Sir Frederick Maurice's *Life of Haldane* is announced by Messrs. Faber & Faber for March 30. This volume concludes the life, with the years 1915-28.

Sir Edward Marsh's memoirs, *A Number of People*, is to be published on March 20 by Messrs. Heinemann.

Mr. Llewelyn Powys' *Love and Death*, which is announced by The Bodley Head, is described as *An Imaginary Autobiography*.

Lord Elton's *Life of James Ramsay Macdonald* is expected from Messrs. Collins on March 20, and on March 27 the same firm announce *The Padereusky Memoirs*, by Mary Lawton.

Seán O'Casey's *I Knock at the Door* is to be published by Messrs. Macmillan, and *Records and Recreations*, by Lord Middleton, by Messrs. John Murray.

A *Life of Lloyd George*, by W. Watkin Davies, will be published on March 9 by Messrs. Constable. Messrs. Heinemann announce *My Double and I*, by Nikolai Gubsky, for March 6, and *The Tragic Life of Victor Hugo*, by Léon Daudet, for the same date.

Storm Jameson's *Civil Journey*, a book of essays, is to be published on March 2 by Messrs. Cassell.

A new edition in two volumes of *The Literary Works of Leonardo da Vinci*, edited by Jean Paul and Irma Richter, is being prepared by The Oxford University Press—it will contain important unpublished material.

Fiction includes *The Woman in the Hall*, by G. B. Stern (Cassell, March 23), *The Spanish Pistol and Other Stories*, by A. G. MacDonell (Macmillan, March 17), *The Altarpiece*, by Naomi Royde Smith (Macmillan, March 10), *Judas*, by Eric Linklater (Cape), *East of Eden*, by I. J. Singer (Putnam, March 13), *Johnny Pye and the Fool Killer*, by Stephen Vincent Benet (Heinemann, March 6), *No Star is Lost*, by James T. Farrell (Constable, March 2), and *Luke Pargetter*, by Adrian Bell (Cobden Sanderson).